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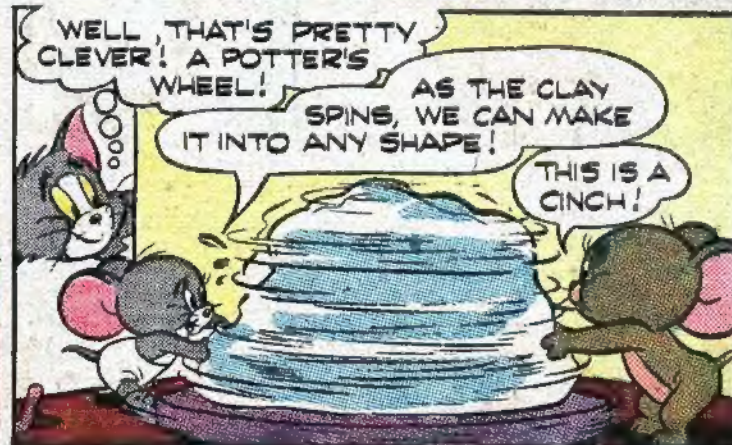
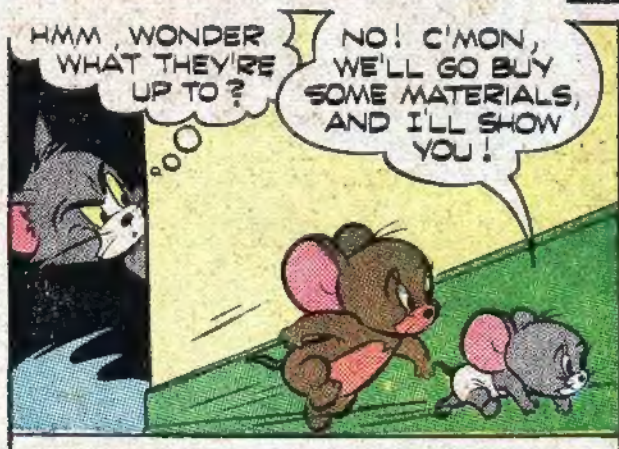
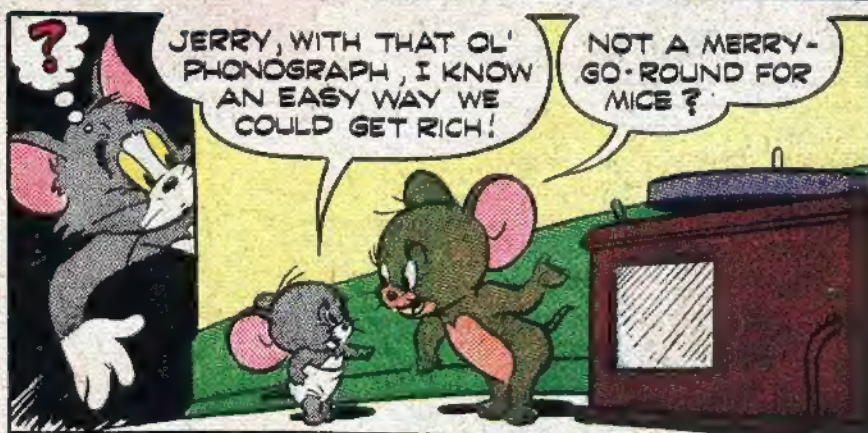
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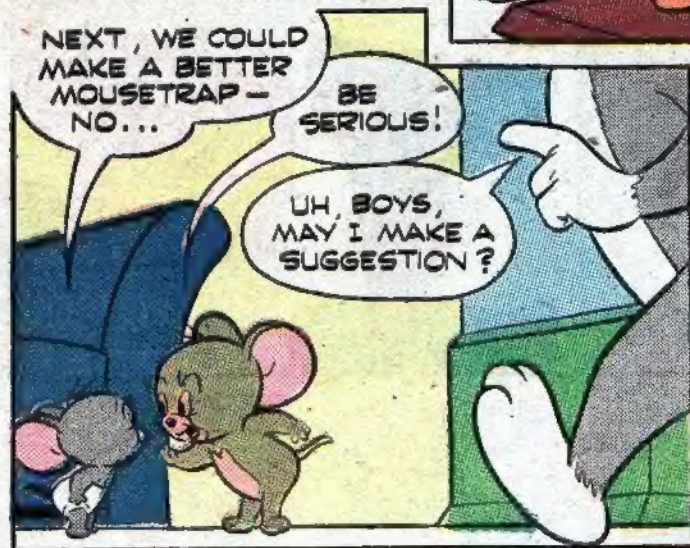


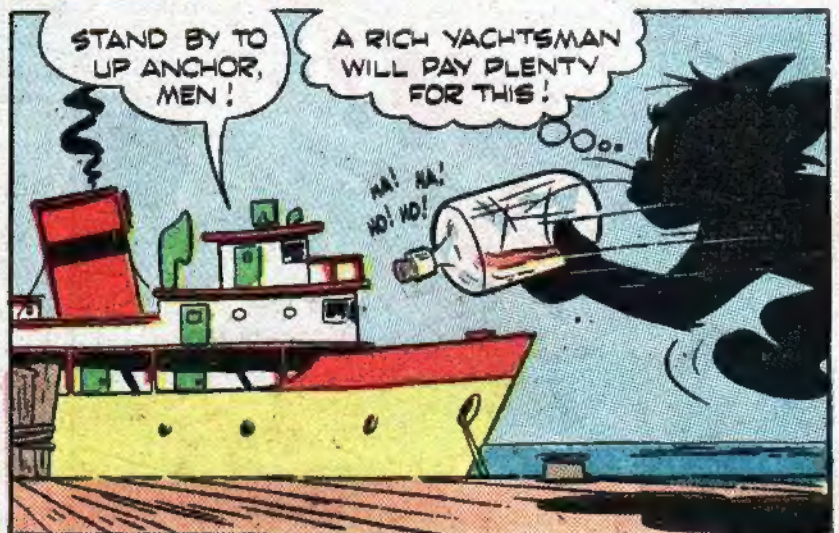
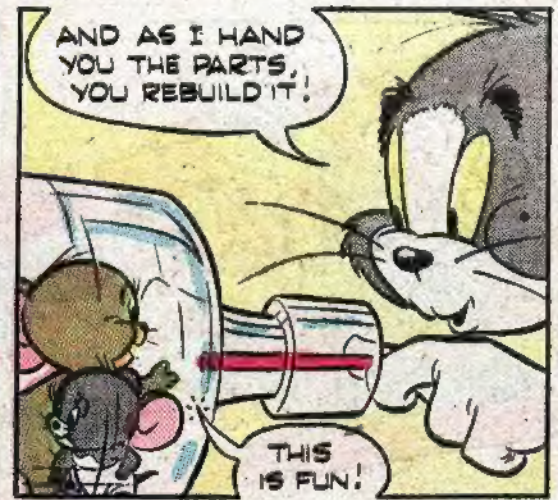
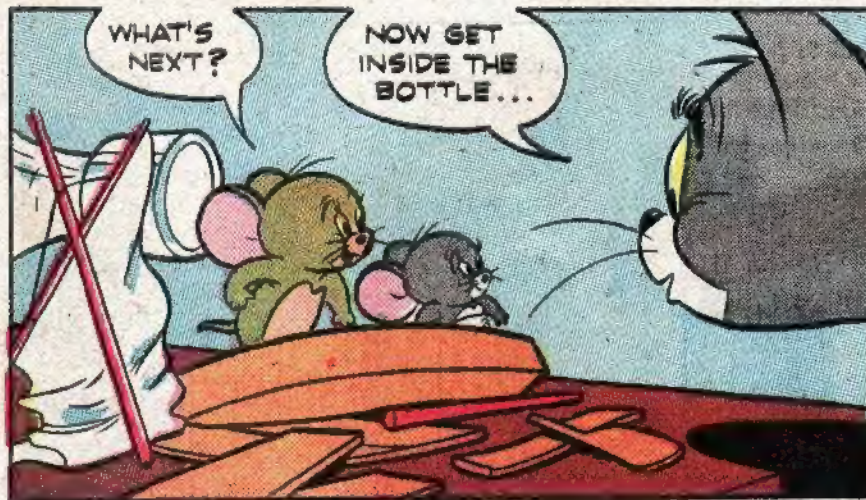
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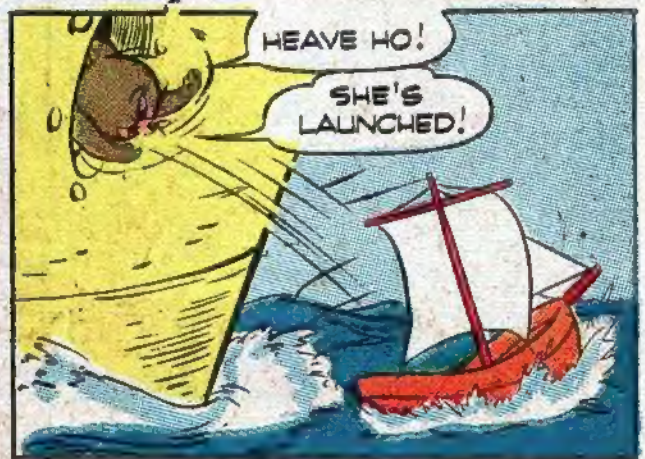
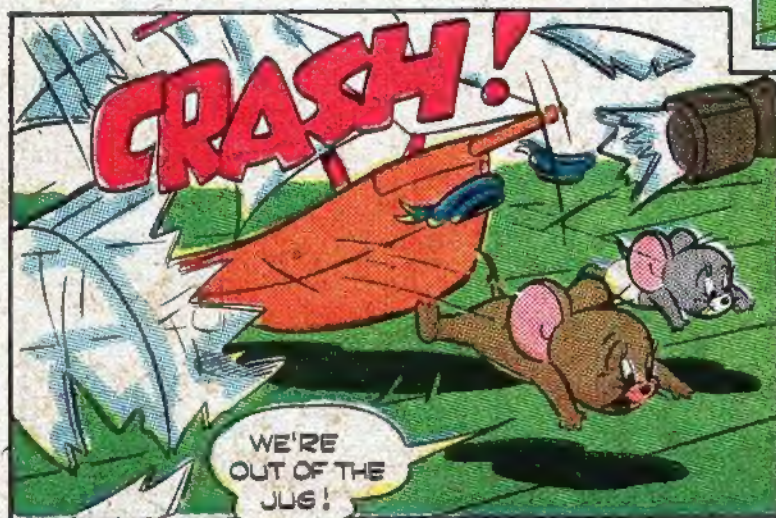
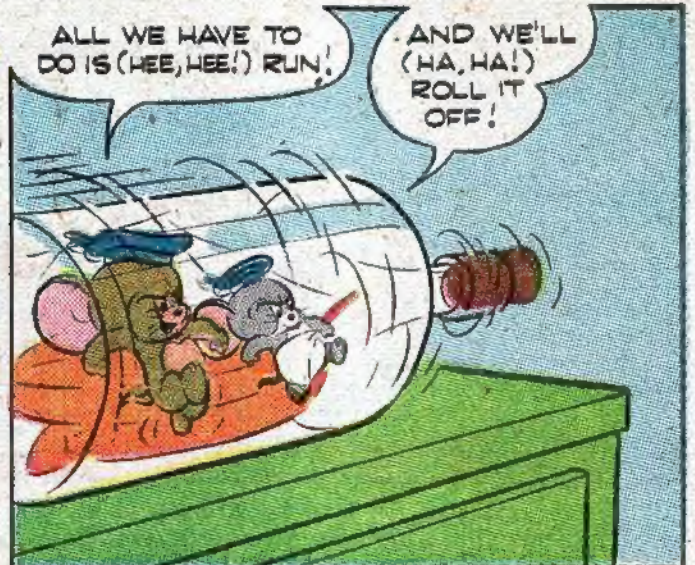
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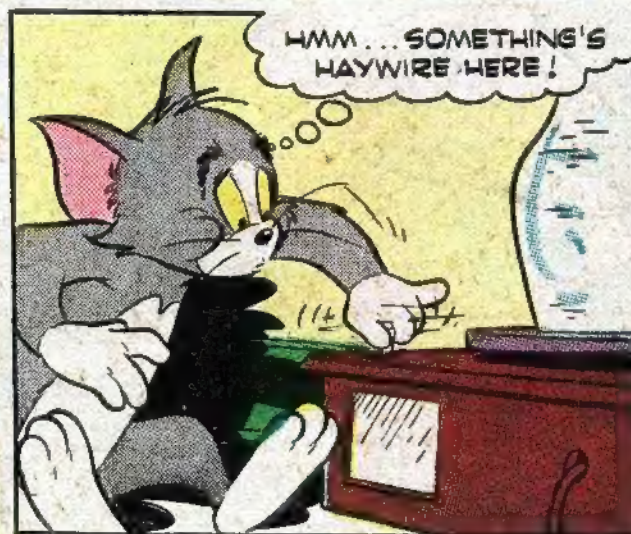
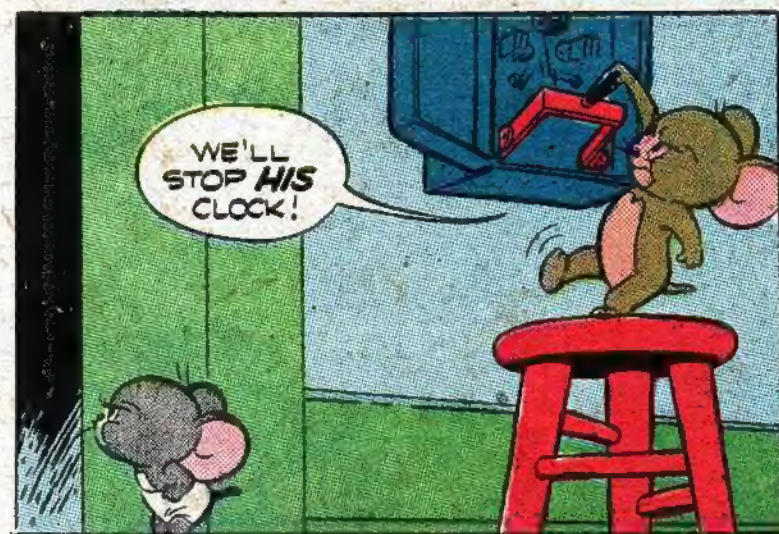
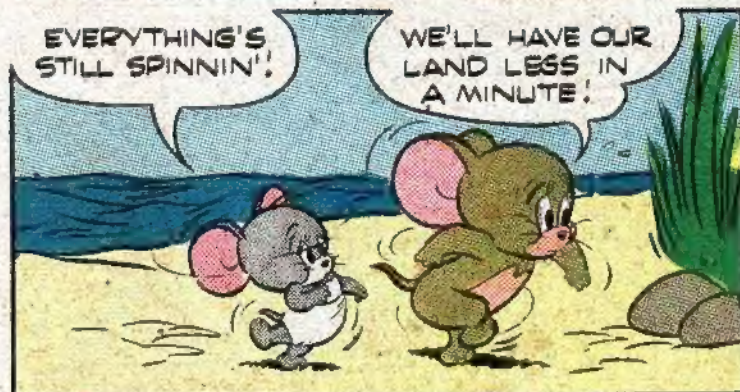
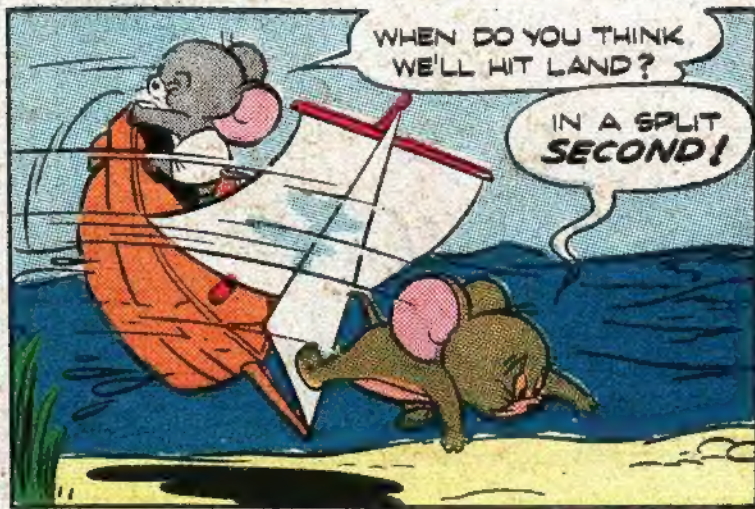
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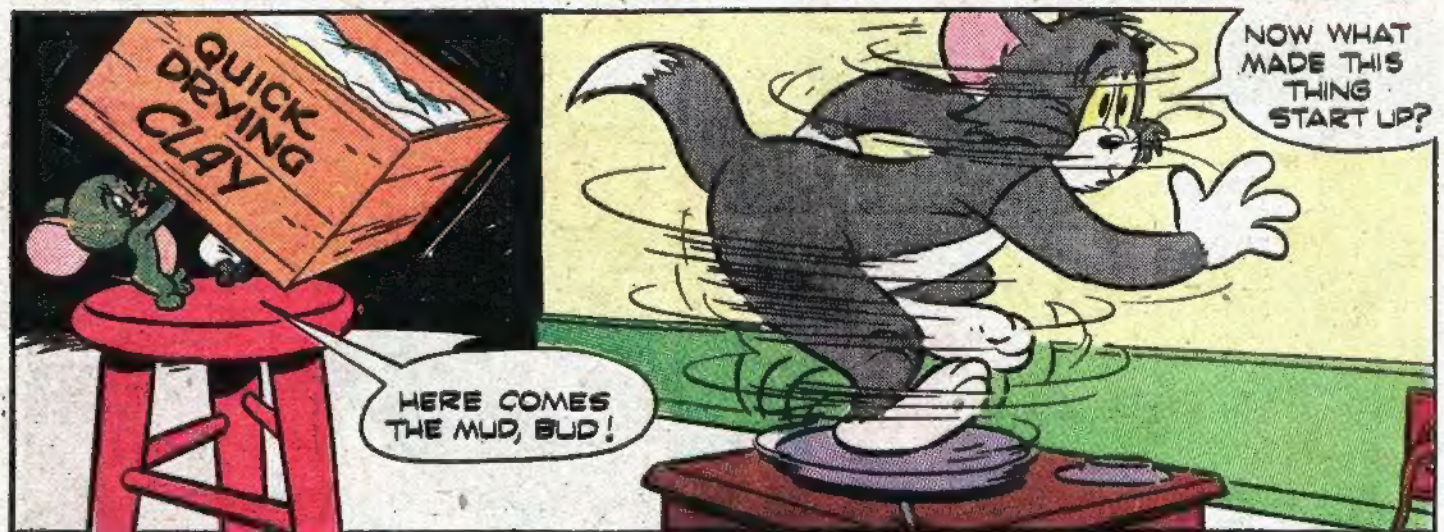
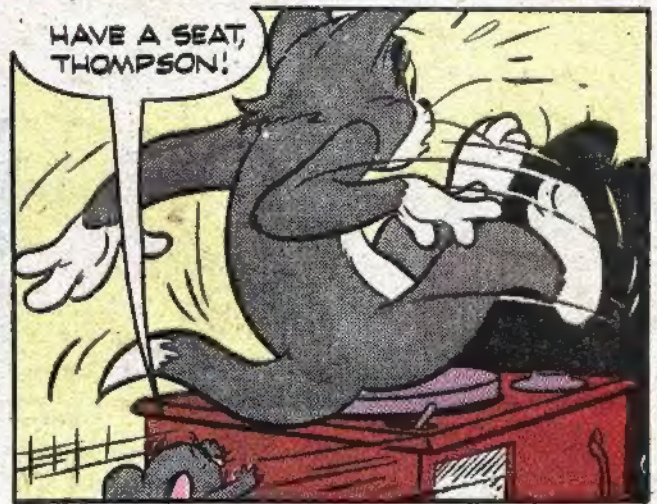
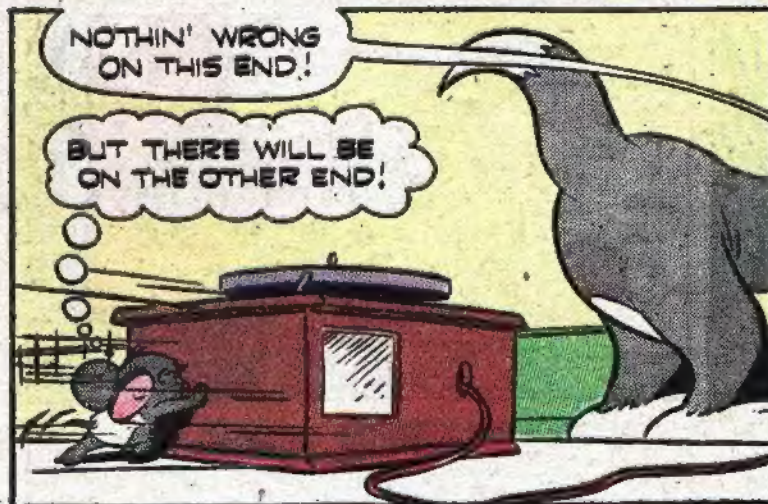
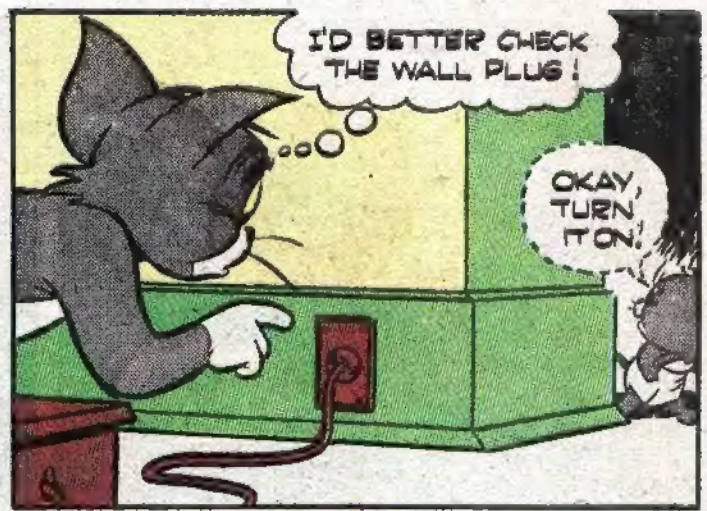
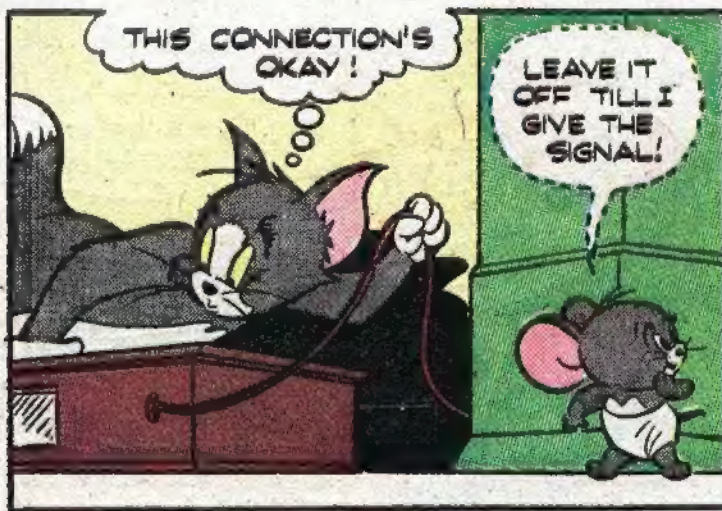
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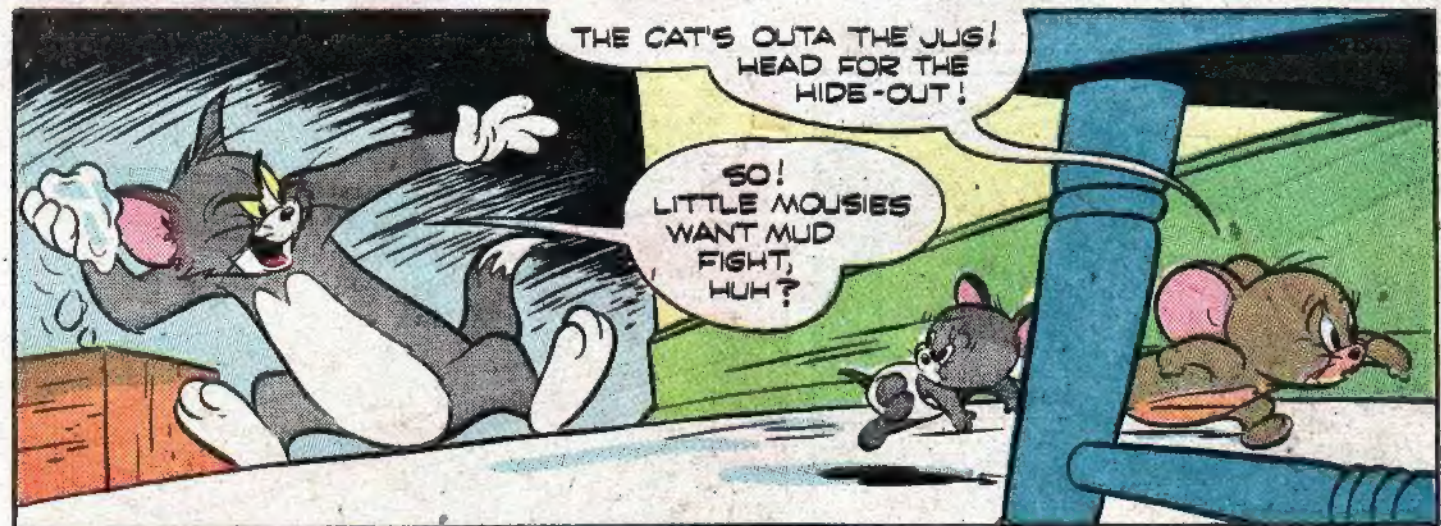
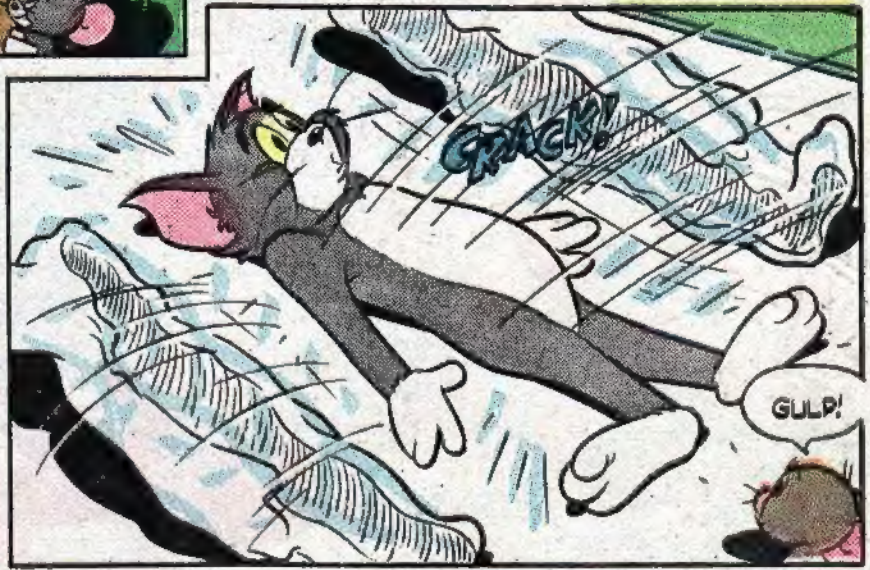
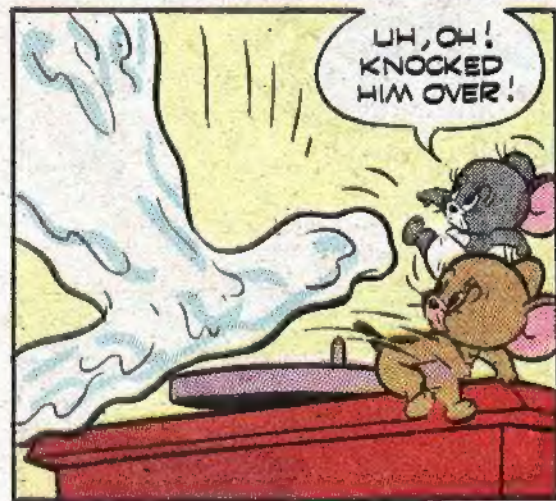
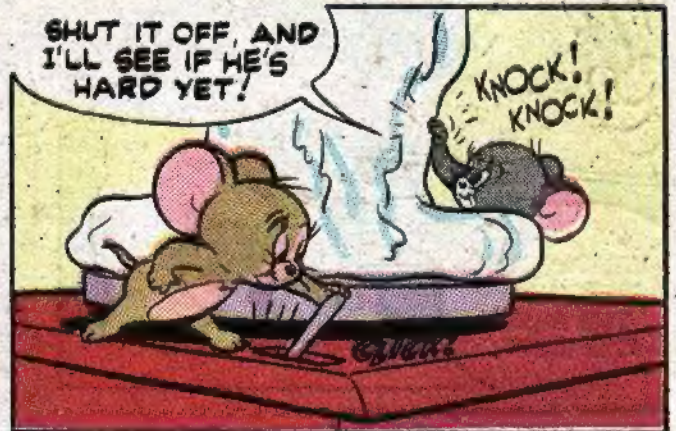
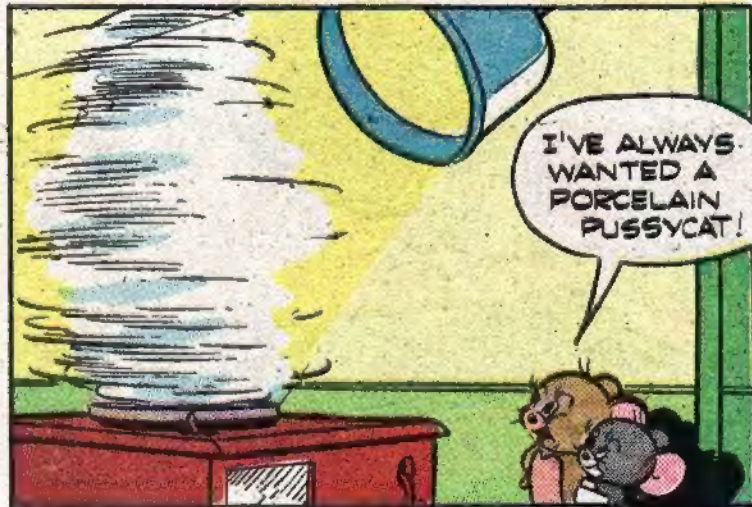
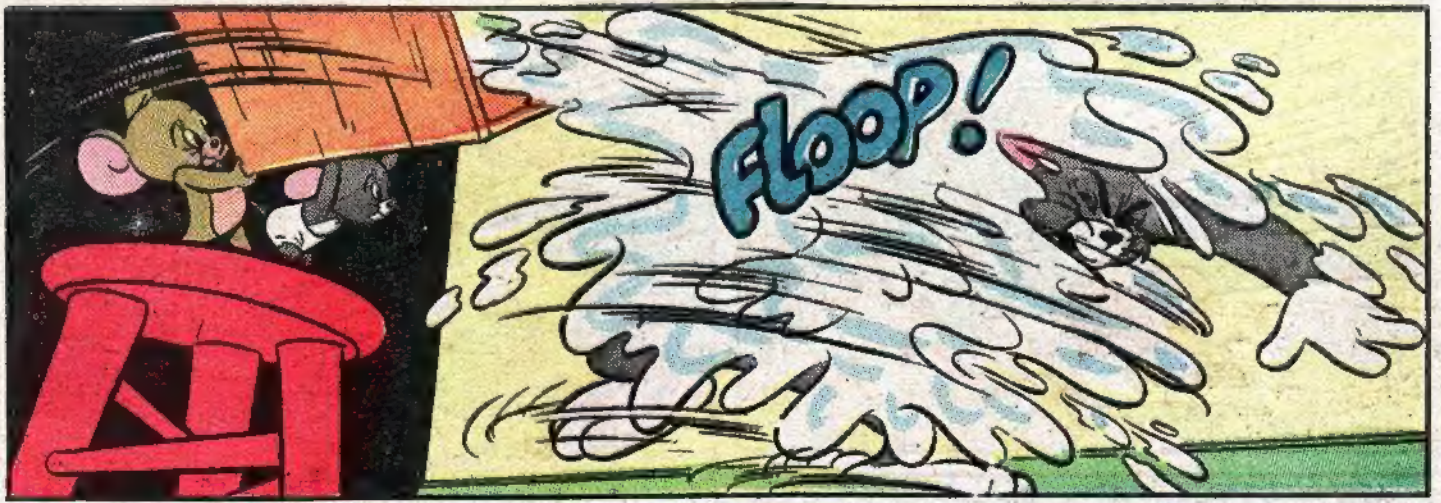


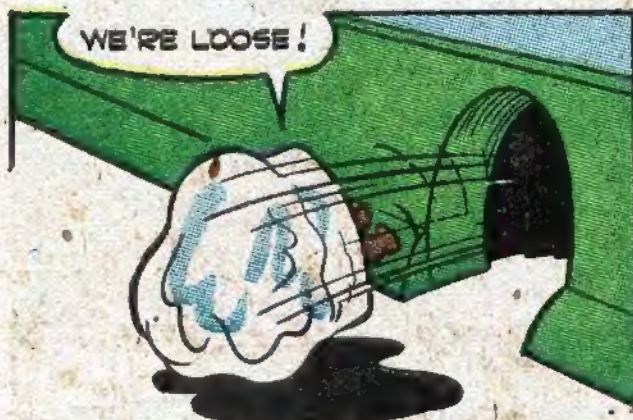
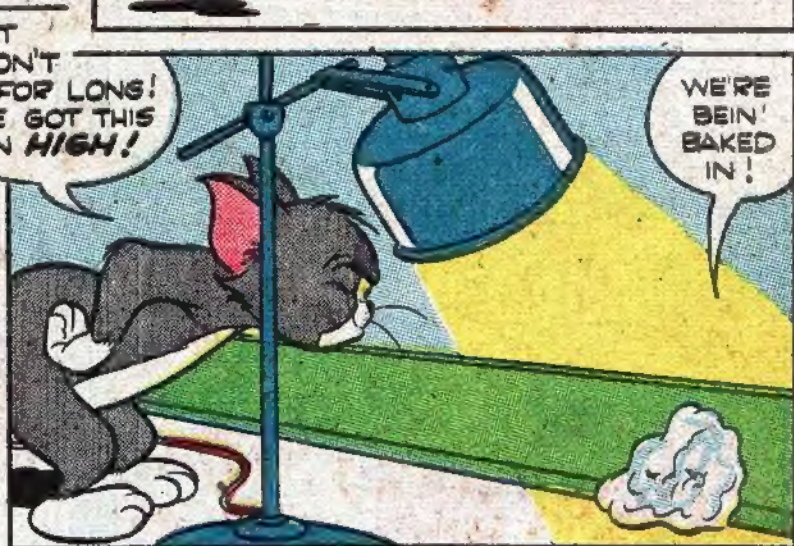
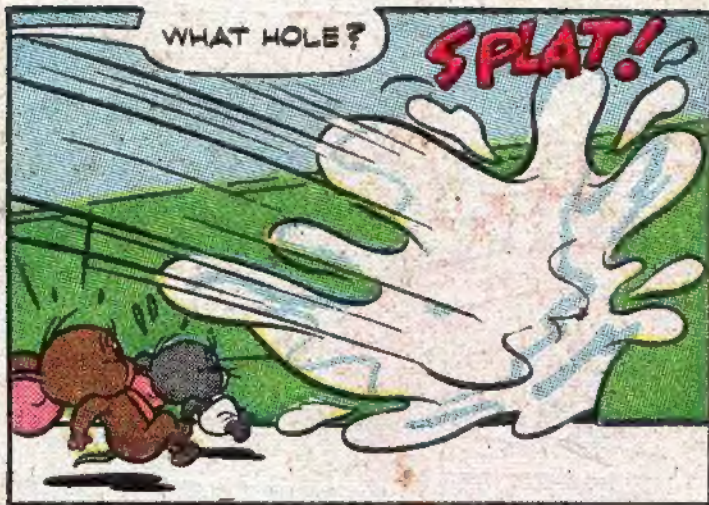


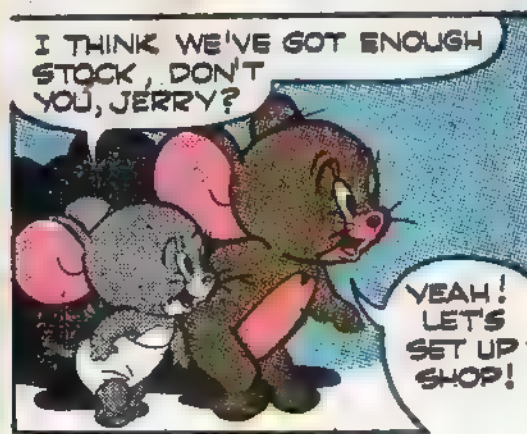
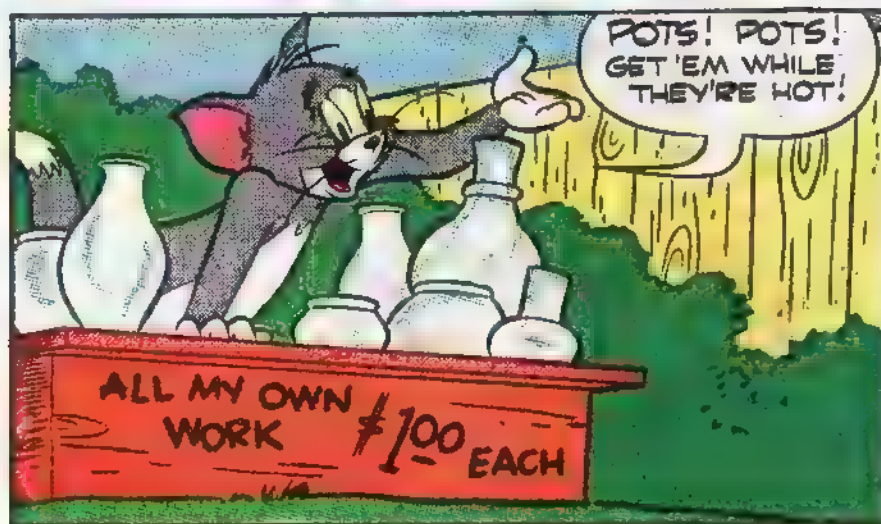
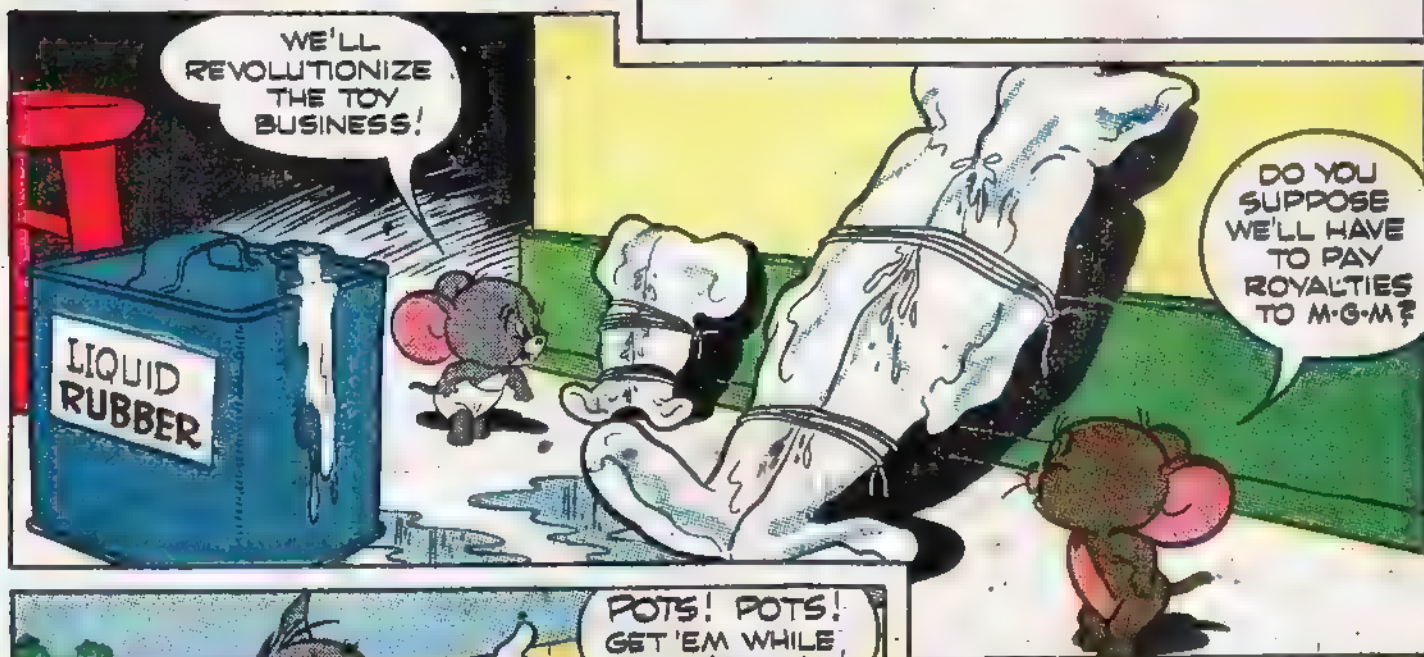
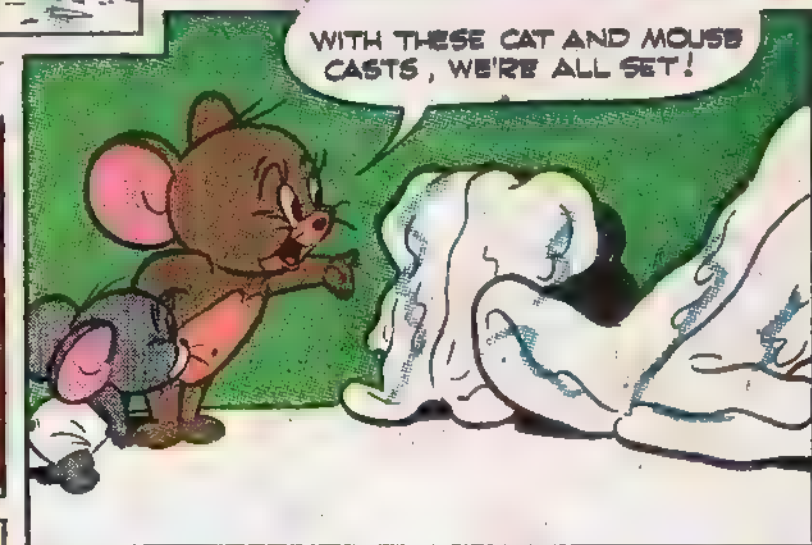
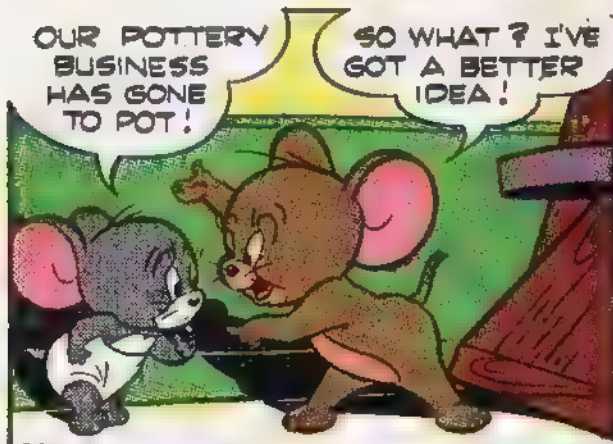
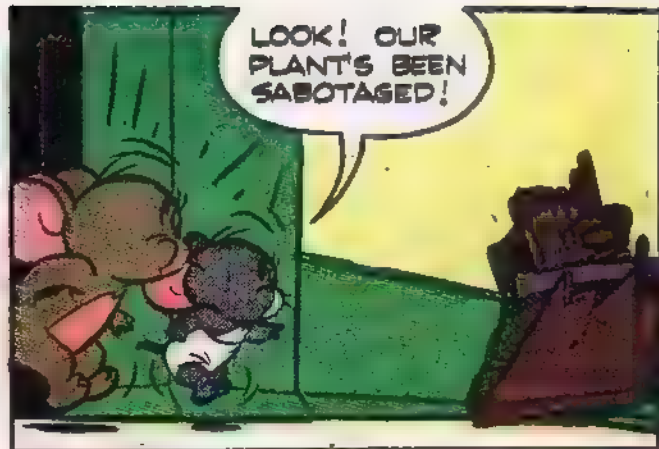
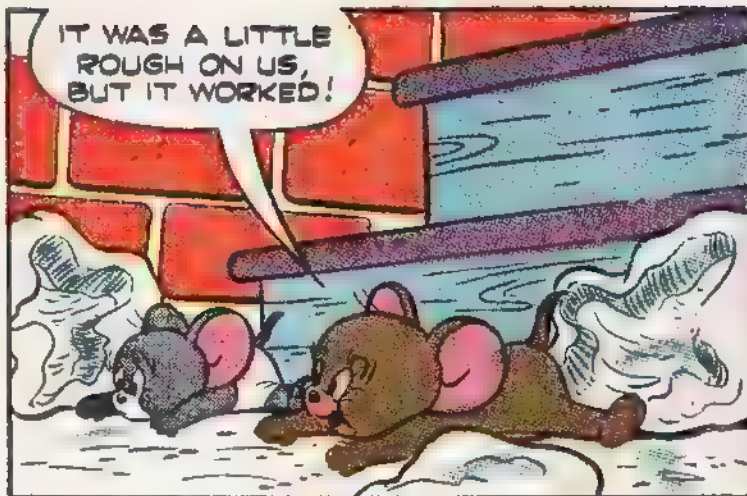


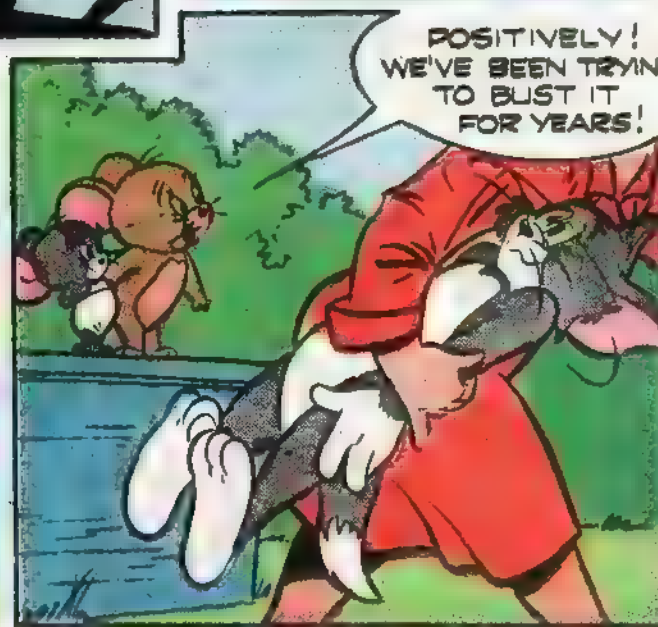
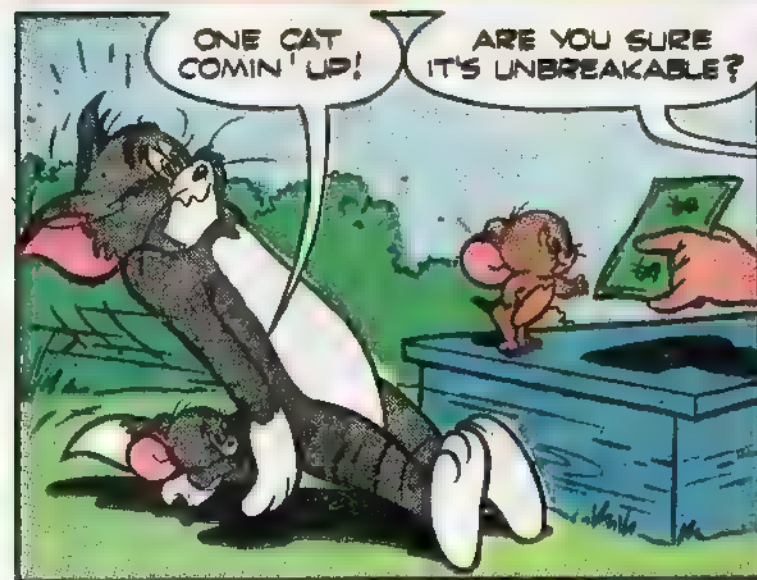
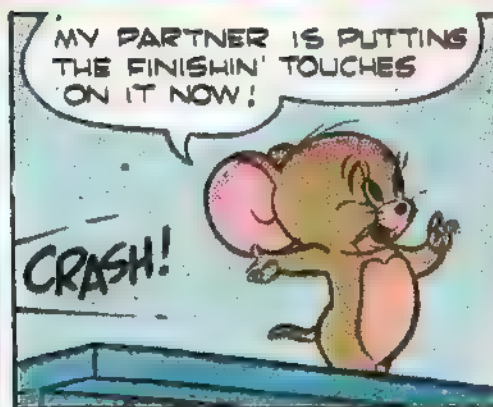
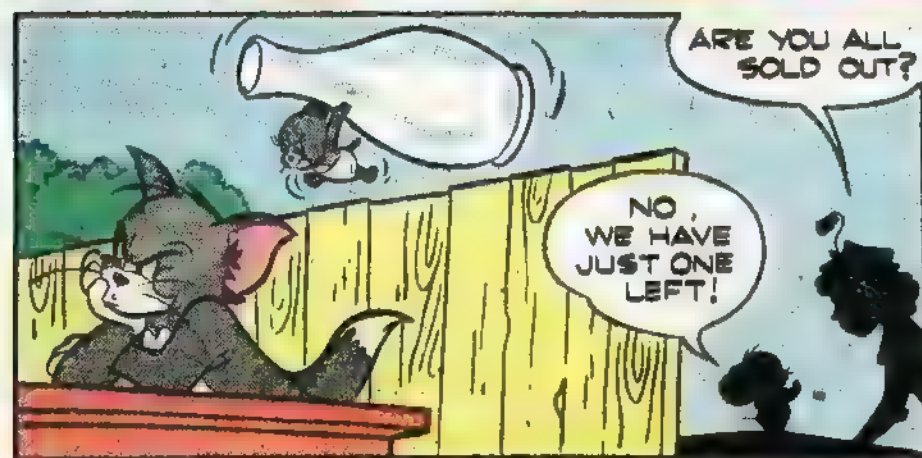
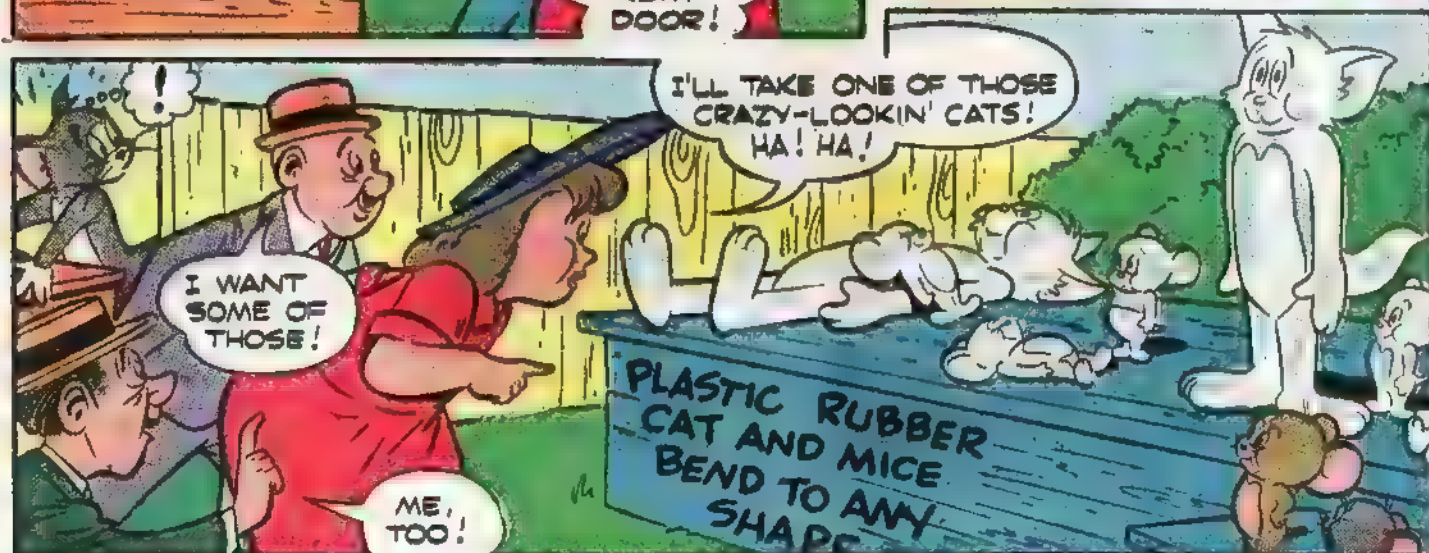
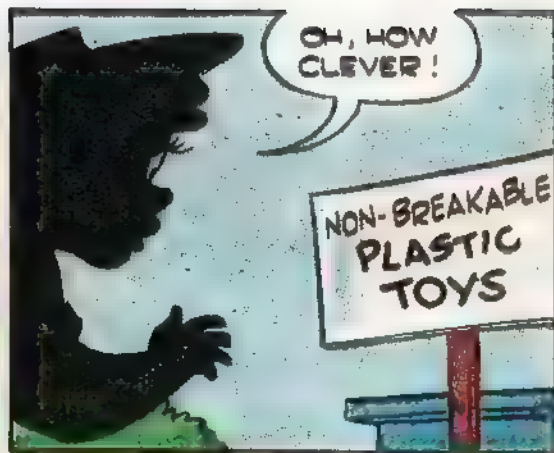
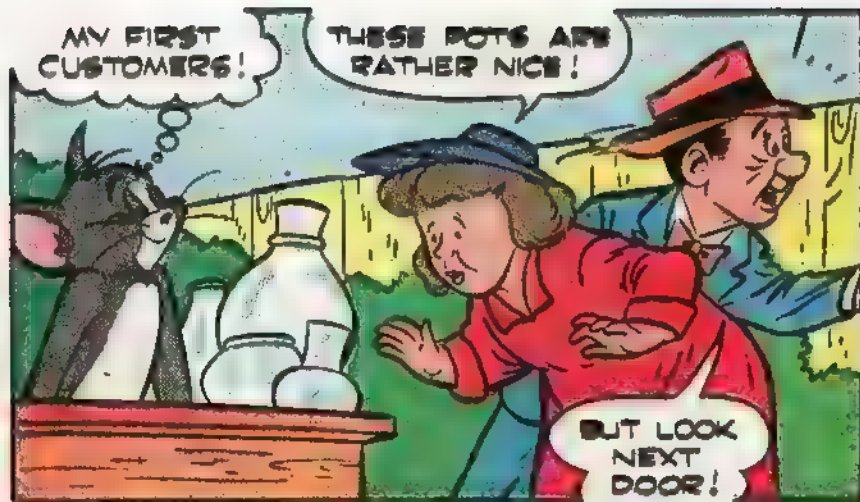








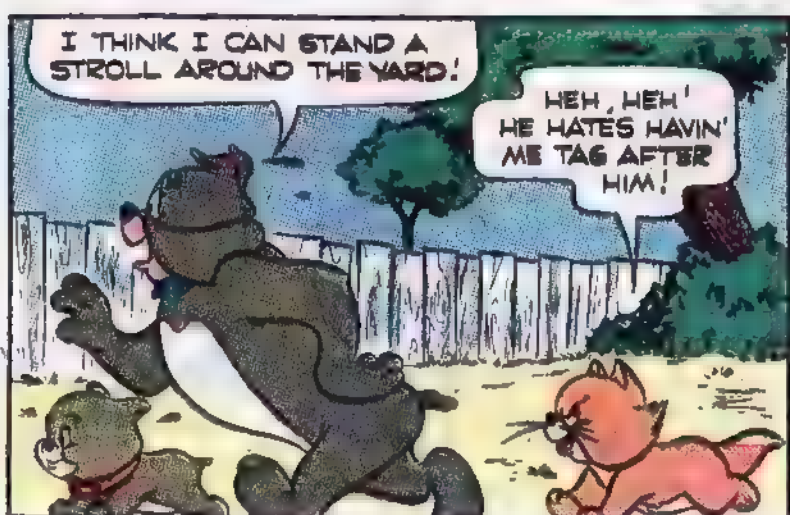
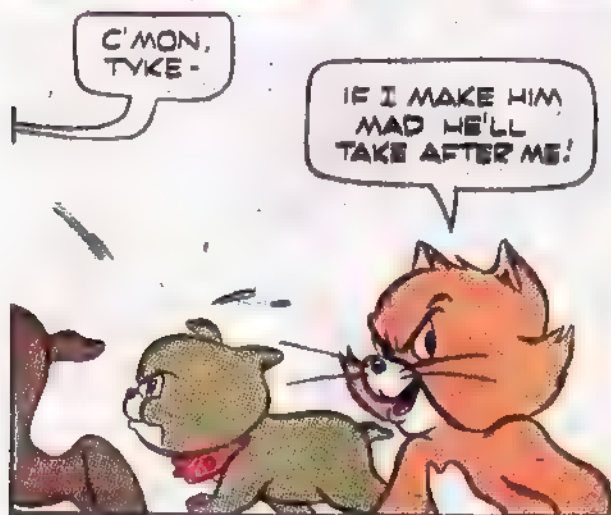
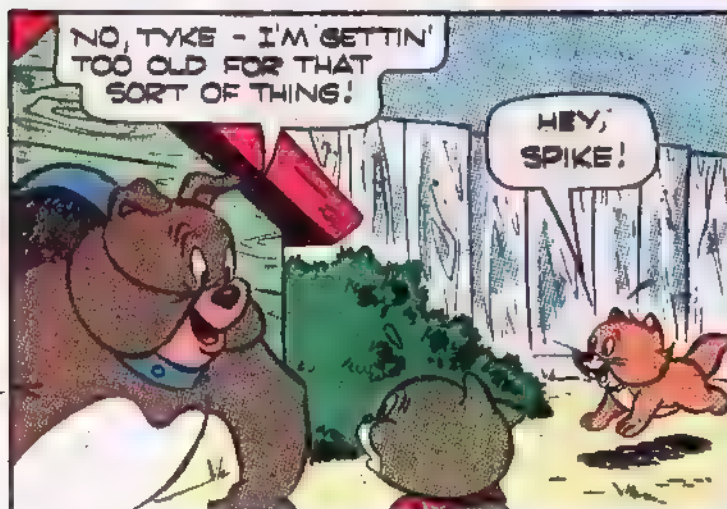
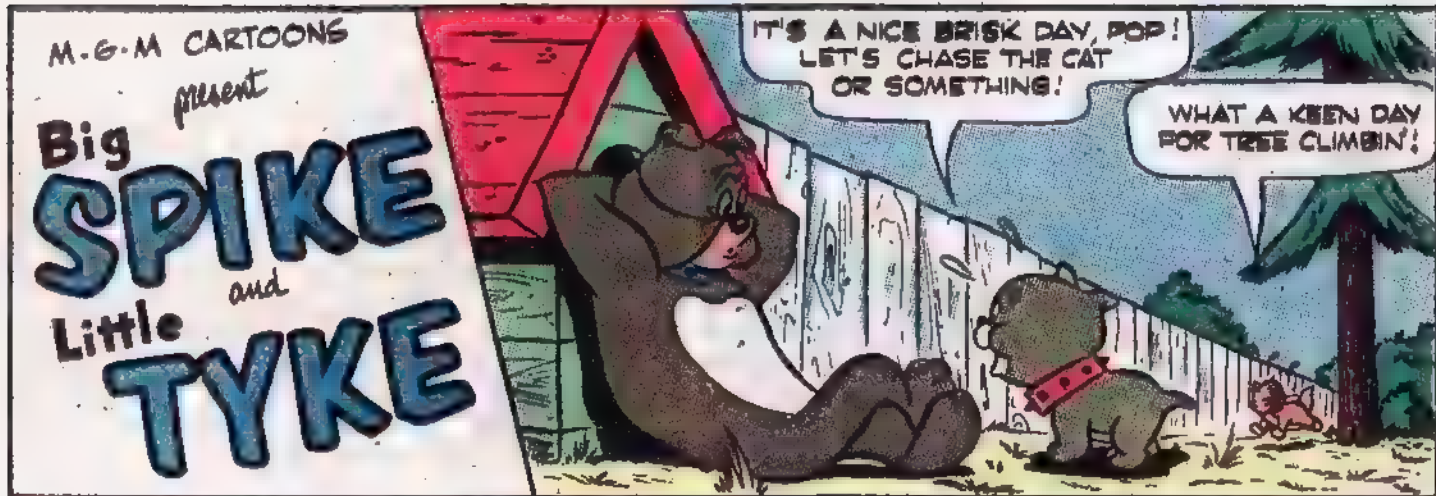


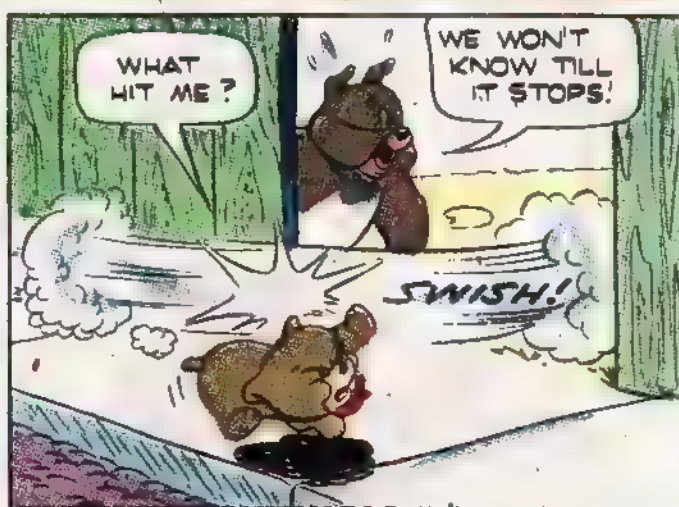
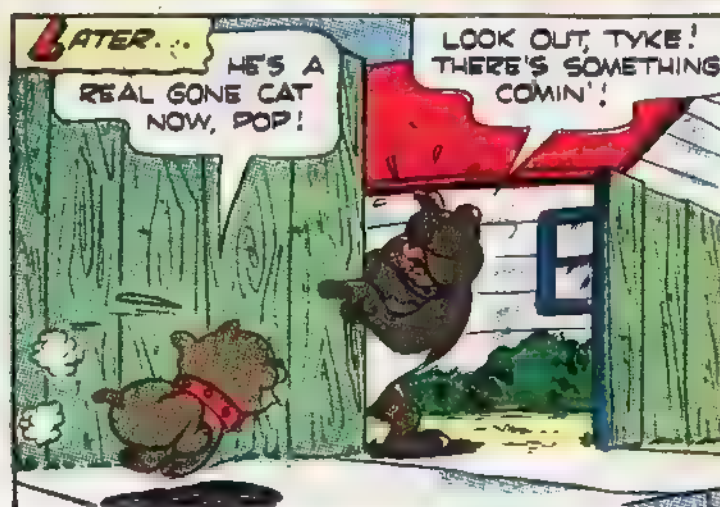
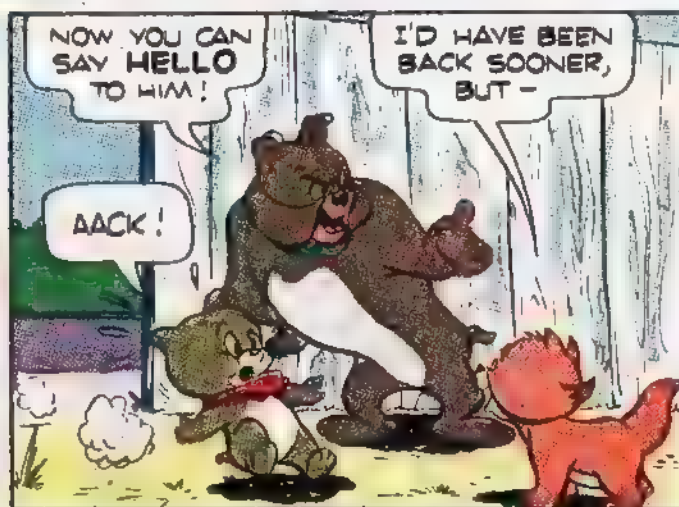
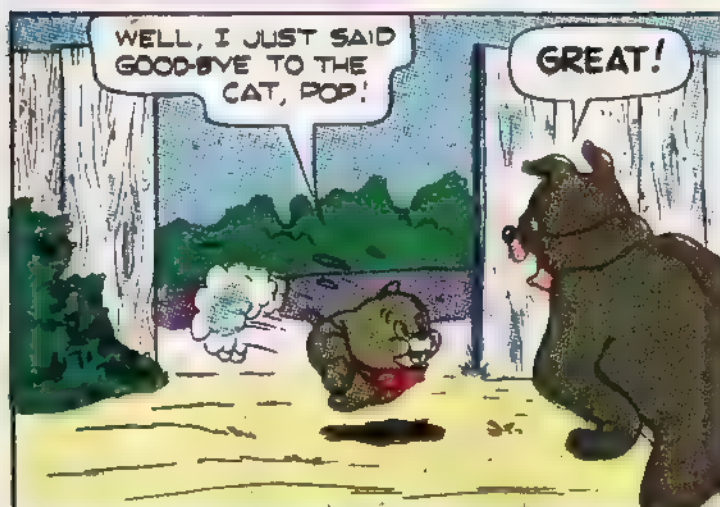
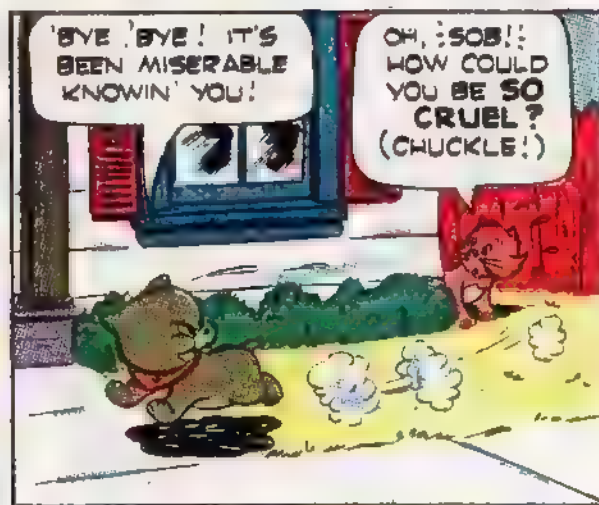
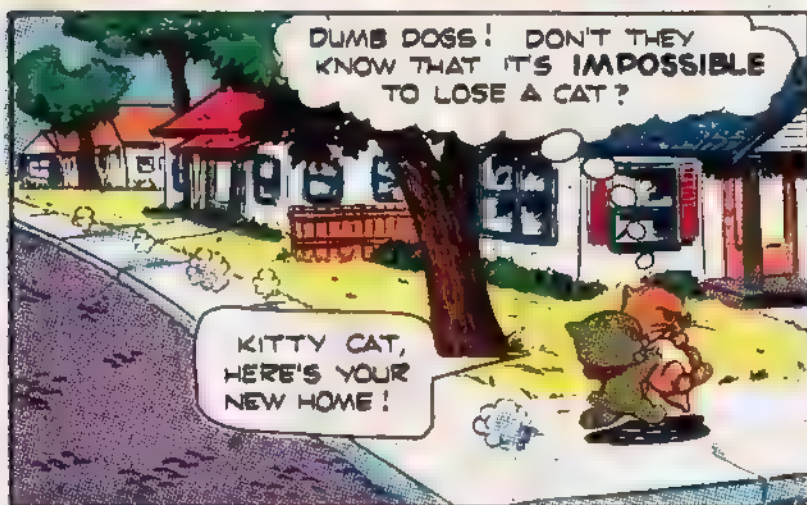
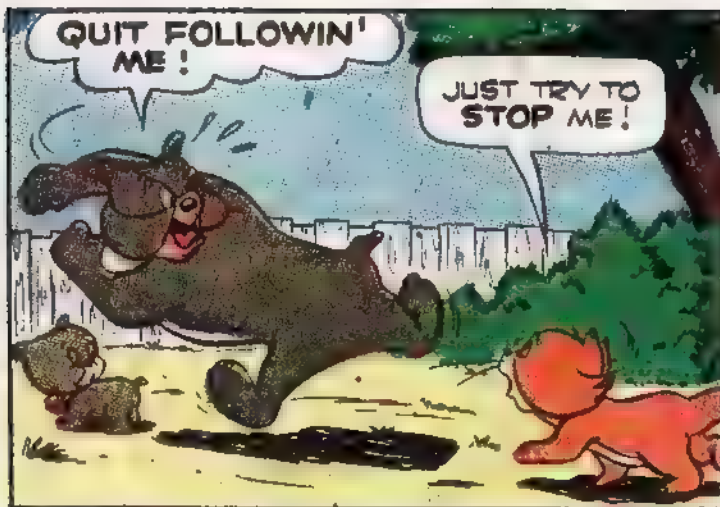


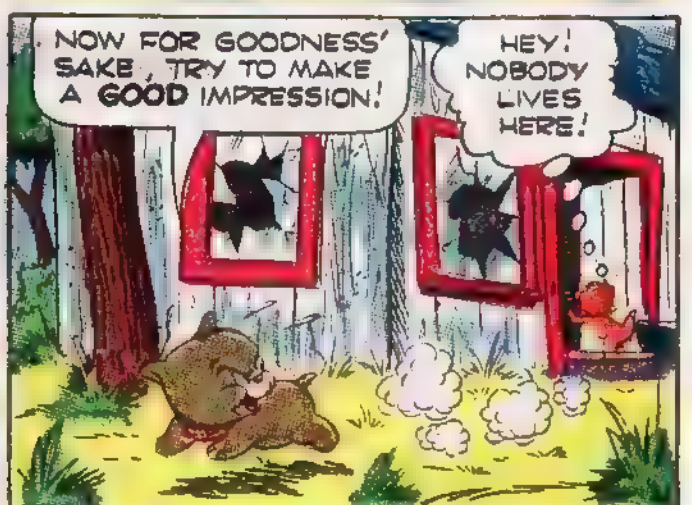
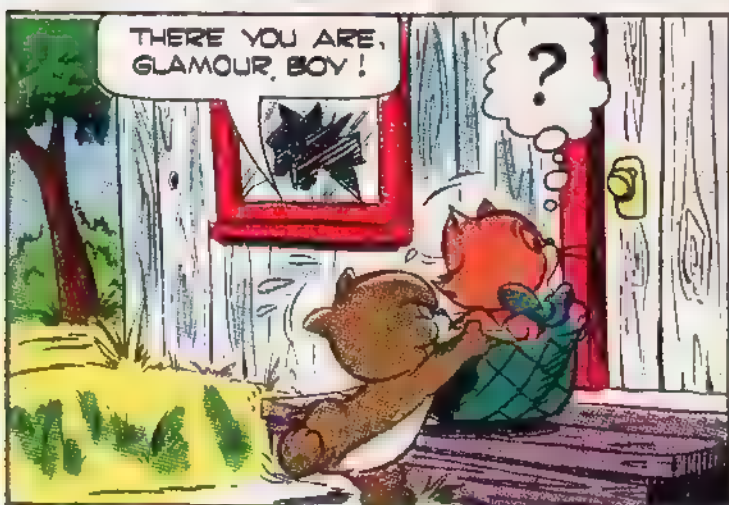
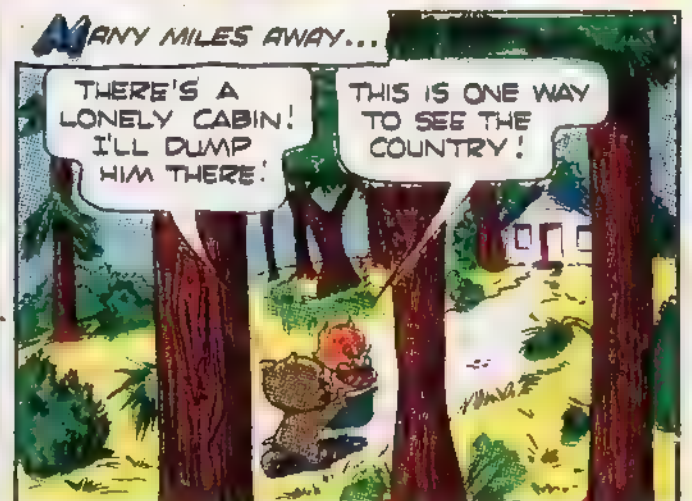
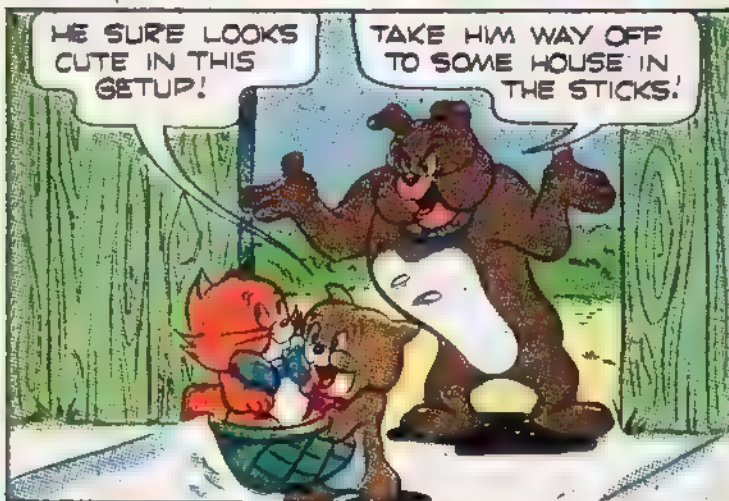
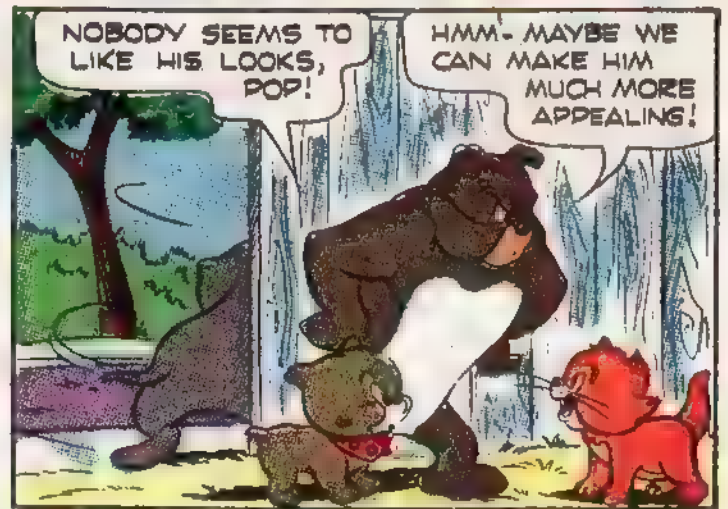
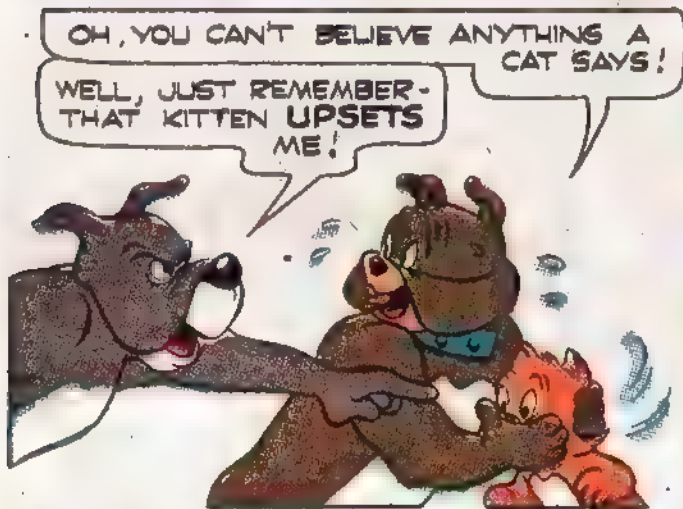
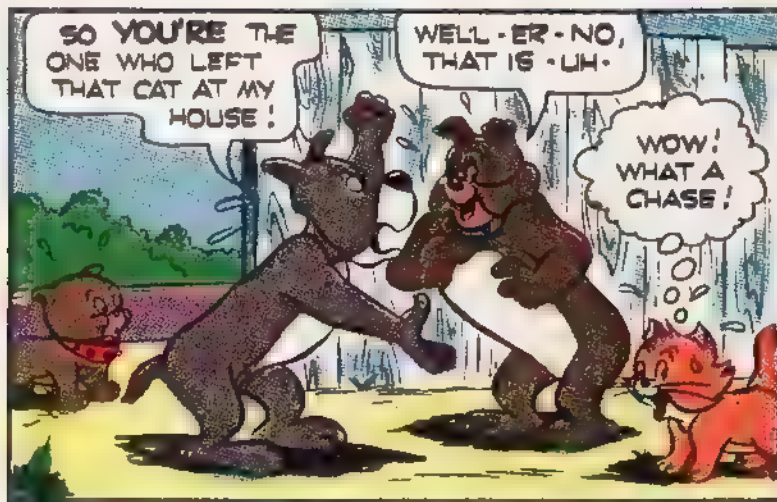
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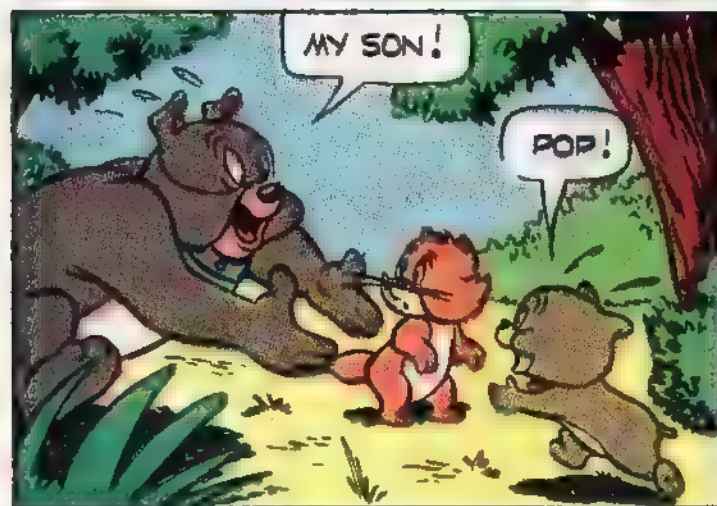
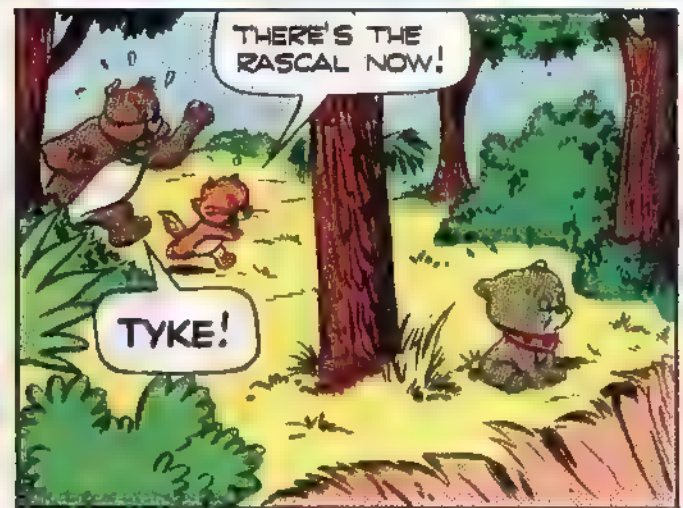
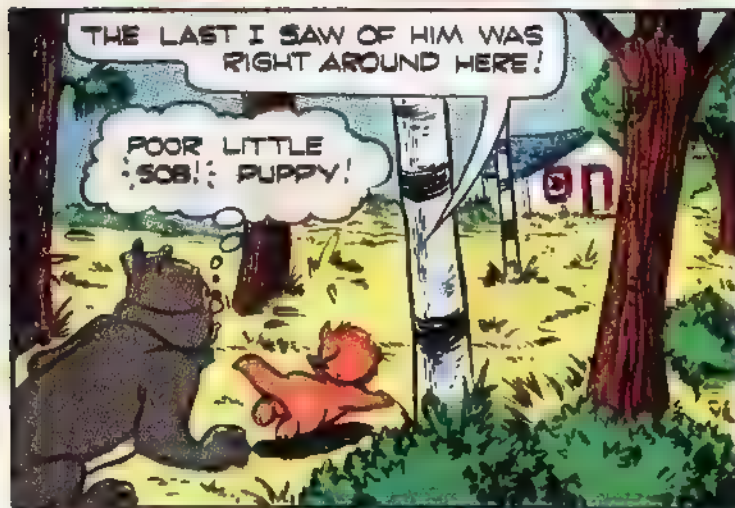
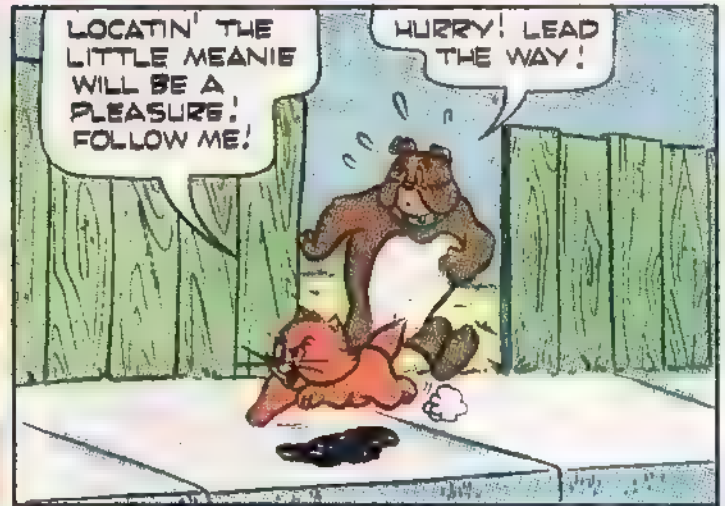
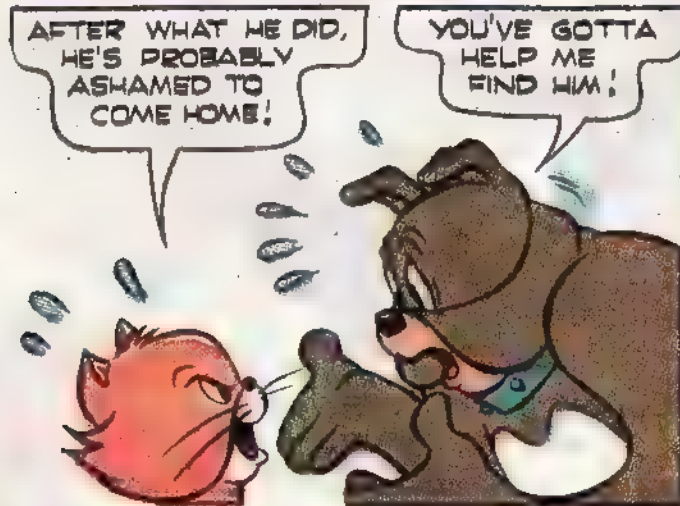
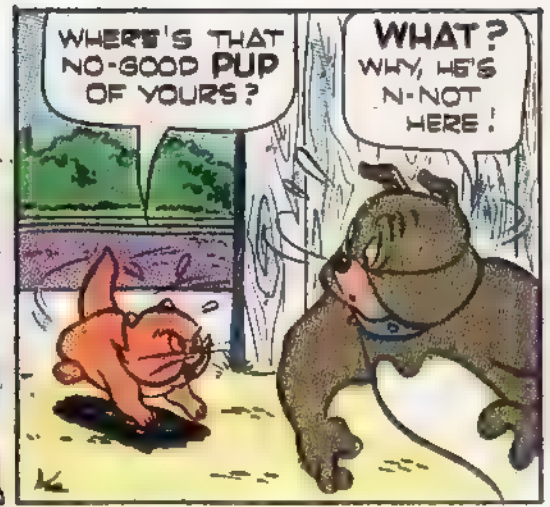
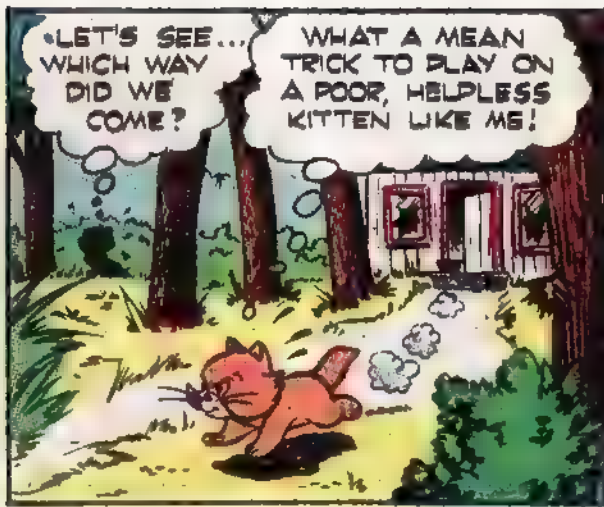
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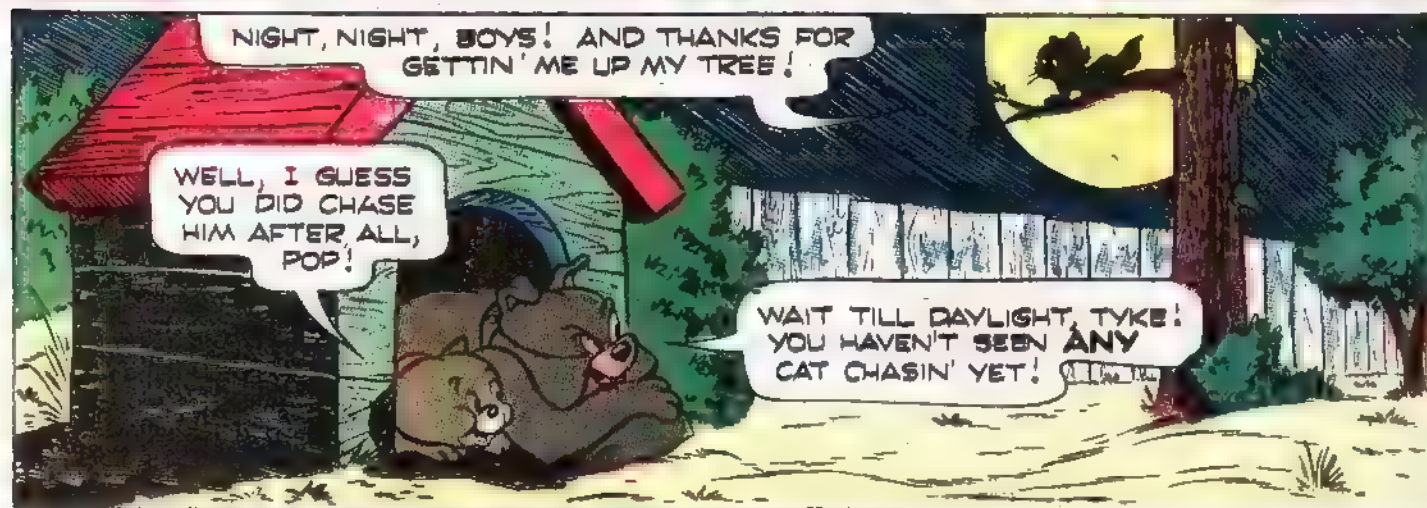
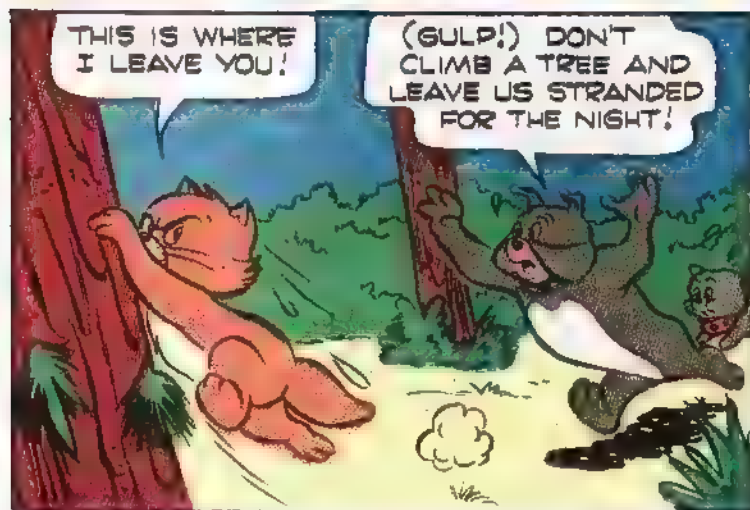
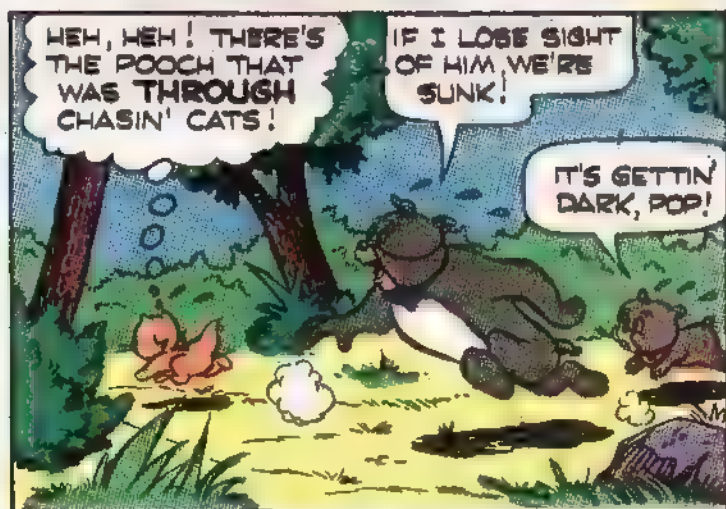
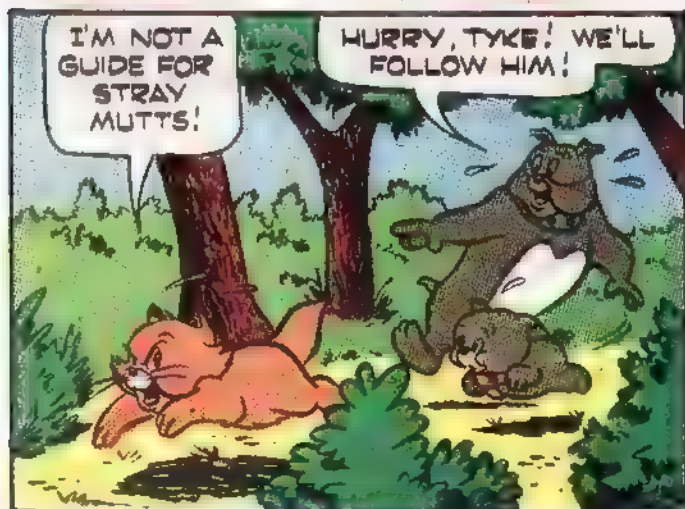
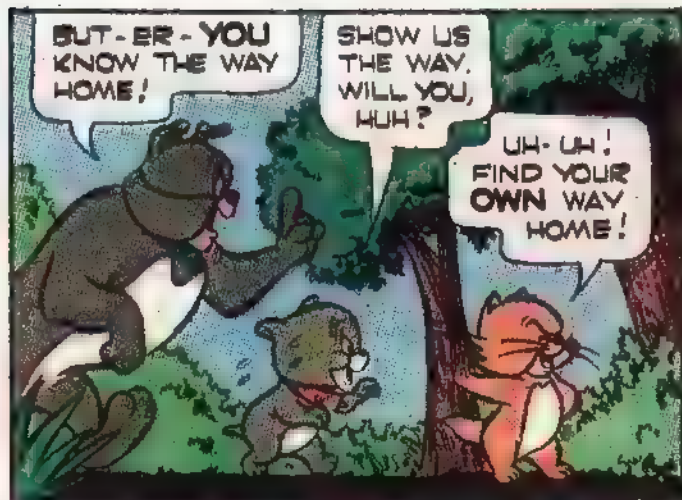
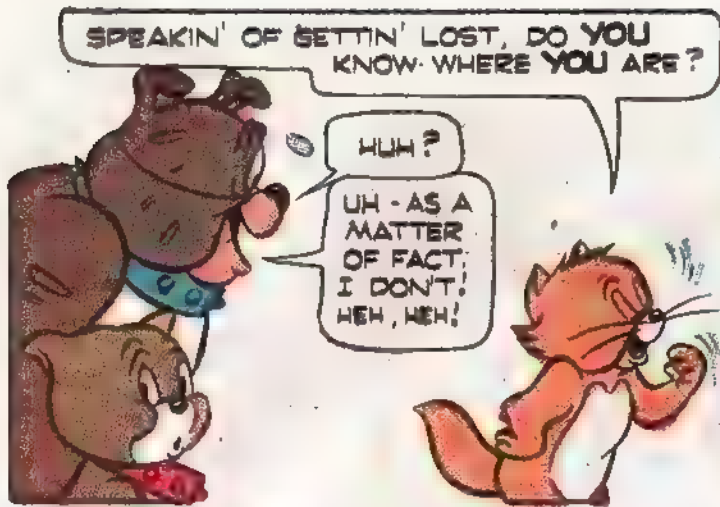
Big SPIKE and Little TYKE











M-G-M CARTOONS

Present

BERTIE BIRD

"GOES WEST"



"Good-bye, Mother!" said Bertie Bird at dawn one morning. "I'm leaving today for the Triple-X Ranch to visit Frankie Cowbird."

"Oh, Bertie!" cried Mother Bluebird. "You're too young to make such a dangerous trip. I hope you don't get in trouble."

"I won't, Mother!" smiled Bertie. "Don't worry! Nothing will happen to me."

Many, many days later, after a very exciting trip, Bertie arrived at the ranch.

"Yippin' coyotes!" yelled Frankie. "Are you really little ol' Bertie Bird of Apple Tree Lane, or am I seein' a mirage?" He whacked Bertie jovially on the back with his wing.

"I'm real, all right," twittered Bertie. "Real hungry, that is."

Frankie chuckled. "Empty as an old rain barrel in the desert, I reckon. "Well, mount the airways, hombre! We'll rustle us up some grub!"

Bertie followed Frankie up to the grazing pasture, and there he got his first glimpse of wild-looking western cattle. He eyed them nervously.

"Are these cows?" Bertie asked.

"Steers!" corrected Frankie. "But don't get skittery—they won't hurt you. See?" He darted to the ground right in front of the hooves of a feeding steer.

Bertie quickly plunged down after him. "Why," he gasped, "just look at all the insects the cattle are stirring up!"

"Don't just look at 'em!" chirped Frankie. "Eat 'em!"

Bertie happily dived in. He ate and ate

and ate. Finally, he raised his head and groaned, "Oooh! I'm so full my tummy touches the ground!"

"In that case," laughed Frankie, "I reckon we'd better rein up and rest a spell." He fluttered up to the back of a steer, followed by Bertie.

The two birds were enjoying their leisurely ride on the back of the steer when suddenly Frankie cried, "Bertie! Look yonder!"

Frightened, Bertie gazed out across the prairie at a great grey cloud swirling toward them.

"What is it? A storm?" quavered Bertie.

"The worst kind," answered Frankie. "A sandstorm. Dig in your spurs and head for the ranch!"

But the birds had hardly started when the blinding sandstorm caught them.

"Help!" cried Bertie, as the sand-filled wind snatched him and tossed him about. It beat against his wings until they were useless. Then it tumbled him along the ground like a tiny tumbleweed. Finally it tumbled him right down the entrance to a prairie dog's burrow.

For a few minutes, Bertie lay just as he had landed, flat on his back with his feet sticking up in the air. He was too exhausted to move.

But gradually his strength returned and he moved a little, then struggled to his feet.

"Where am I?" he wondered, glancing dazedly around the entrance chamber.

Bertie, always curious, fluttered across the burrow and peered around the corner into

a long, dark tunnel.

It was quiet and empty, so he decided to investigate. He hopped cautiously along until he came to an intersection in the tunneled streets of the dogtown. "Now which way shall I go?" he wondered.

He did not have long to wonder, for soon sharp, chattering voices and pattering feet hurrying along the tunnel on the right startled Bertie.

He shot into the left tunnel and collided with a soft feathery body.

"Eek!" Bertie squealed, frozen with fright.

"Be quiet!" hooted a burrowing owl, "The prairie dogs will hear you, then we'll both be in trouble!"

But the owl's warning came too late. The prairie dogs had heard Bertie's squeal.

"Who's there?" called Papa Prairie Dog.

"Now see what you've done!" snapped the owl crossly, and off he swished down the dark tunnel.

Bertie wanted to follow, but he was too frightened to move. He just stood gazing at the intersection, until Papa Prairie Dog waddled into view.

"Aha!" cried Papa Prairie Dog. "There you are!"

But Bertie was not there for long. He snapped out of his daze and sped down the tunnel with long fluttering hops — he didn't have room to fly.

Papa Prairie Dog, grunting crossly, gave chase. In spite of his plumpness and short legs, he was very speedy, and poor Bertie had a hard time keeping out of his reach.

But Bertie rounded a curve in the tunnel

and saw a patch of daylight directly in front of him. With a glad little cry, he hurled himself forward, and the next minute he was flying up out of the tunnel.

"Oh!" he cried happily. "The sandstorm's over!" Then off he flew to look around for Frankie.

Frankie had been tossed into a thorny bush with such force that he was stuck fast. But when Bertie found him, they both pushed and pulled at the branches until Frankie was freed.

"Thanks, Bertie," said Frankie. "I'm right grateful to you for savin' me! Tell me, where did the storm land you?"

Bertie had just finished telling him about the prairie dogs and the owl when they heard cowbells not far away.

Frankie said, "Let's hitch us a ride back to the ranch. You must be as plumb tuckered out as I am!"

So they rode in style to the barn on the back of a gentle milk cow. "Stay on," said Frankie, "and watch the cows bein' milked."

"All right," agreed Bertie. "Guess nothing can happen to me here."

But it did. The cow upon which the birds perched switched her tail and knocked poor Bertie off her back and into a pail of milk.

Laughing, the milker pulled Bertie out, dunked him into a pail of water to wash off the sticky milk, then set him free.

"This!" shouted Bertie crossly, "is the end! I'm leaving! 'Bye, Frankie!" And away he flew to his home in Apple Tree Lane.

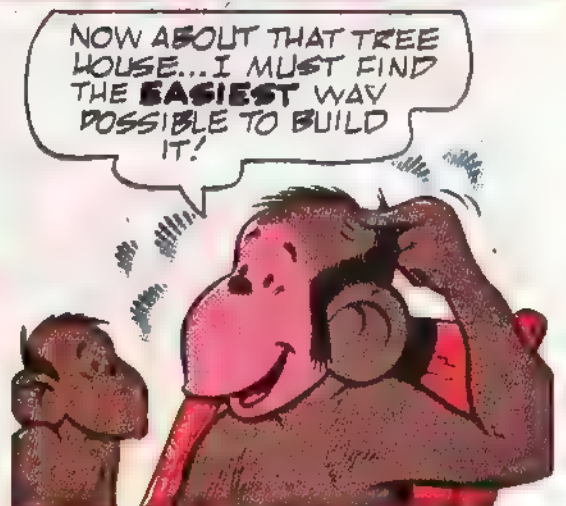
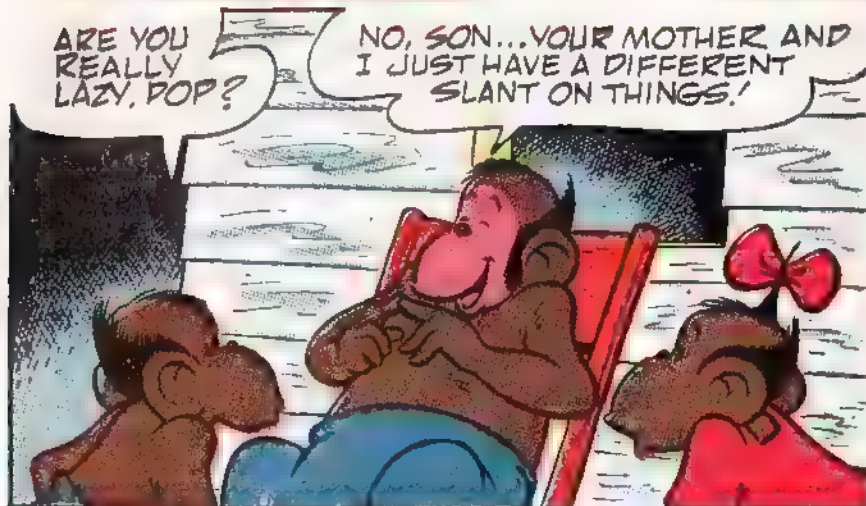
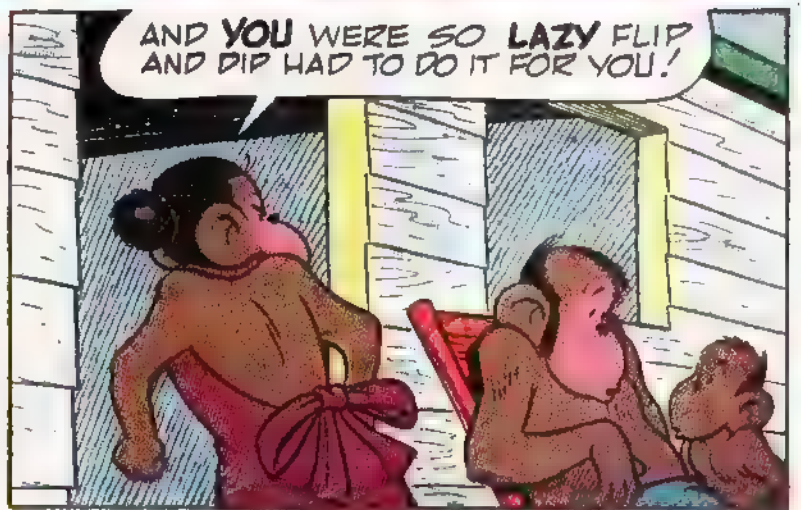
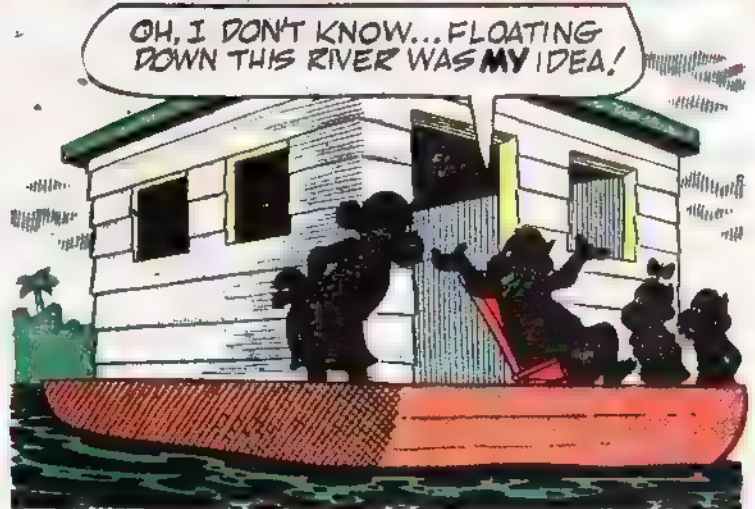
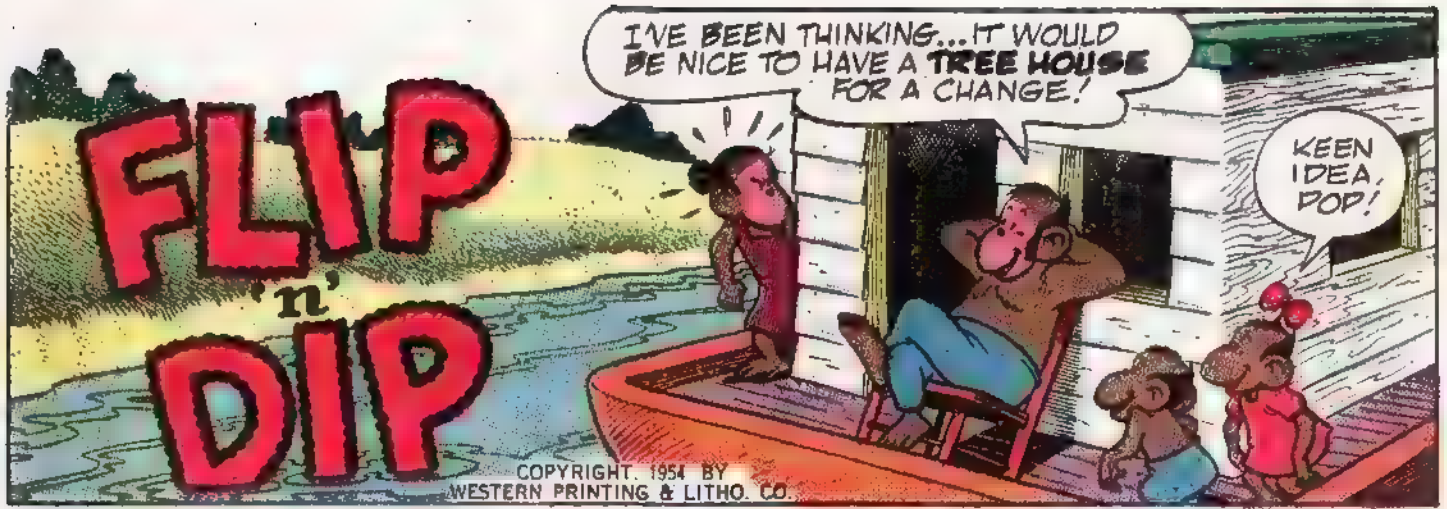
"Mother," he cried when he reached home, "you were right! I did get into trouble — a peck of it!" And he told his mother of his frightening experiences.

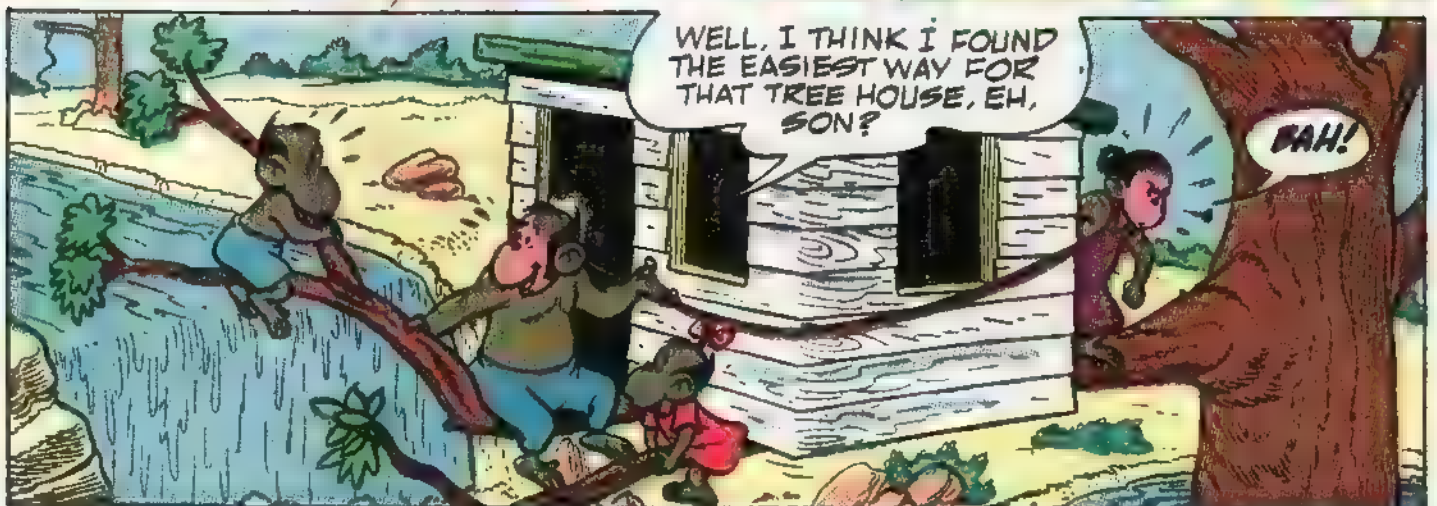
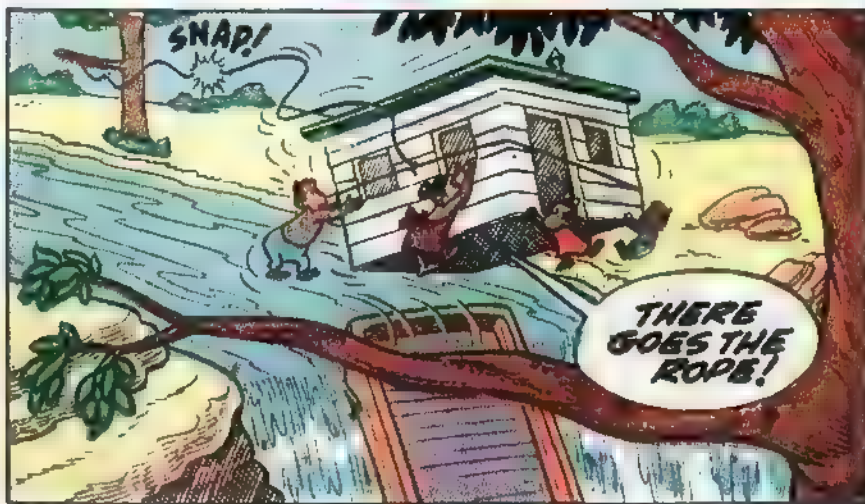
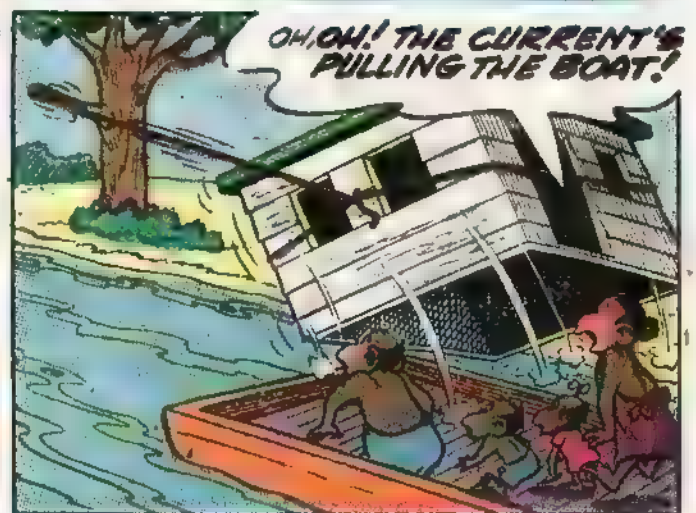
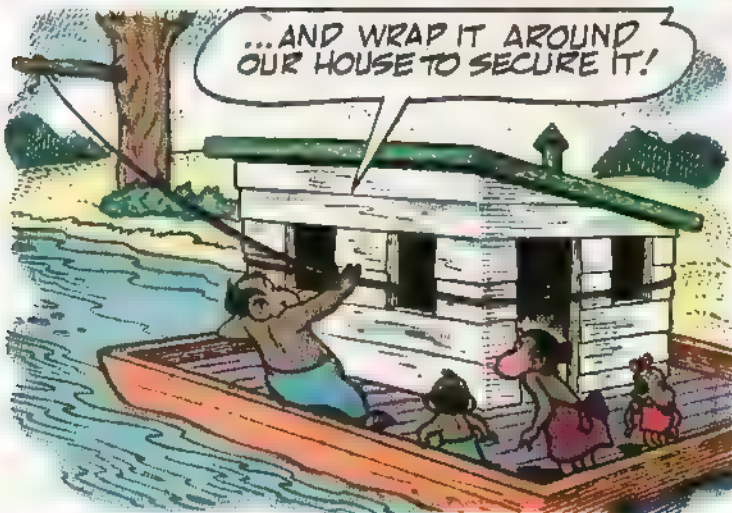
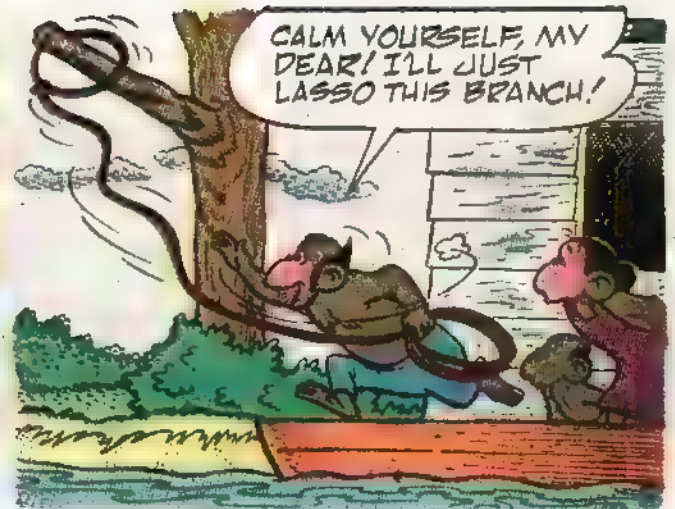
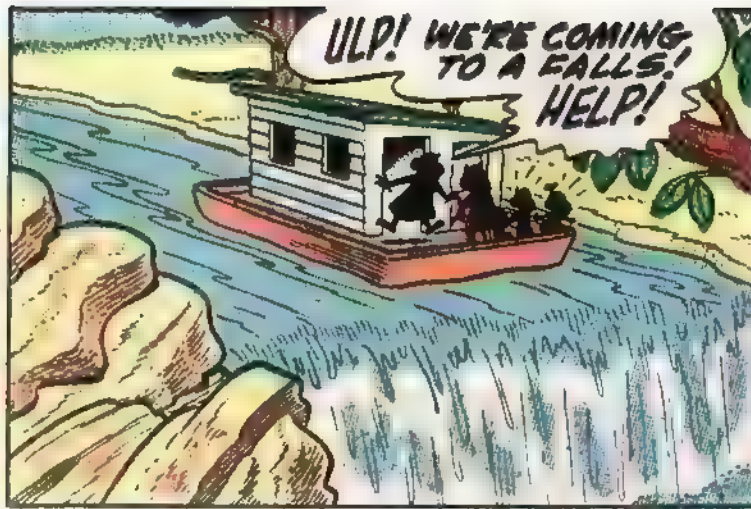
"Oh!" gasped Mother Bluebird. "How awful! I hope you'll never go back there again!"

"I sure won't!" said Bertie. "I'm plumb cured of western ranches!" Then hopping to the door of their little home, he continued, "Wall, reckon I'll dig in my spurs and head for the orchard. Got a mighty interesting tale to tell my friends. I'll be back pronto, so rustle me up some grub!"

Mother Bluebird gazed after him in open-beaked astonishment. "That Bertie!" she twittered. "He's a caution! He'll just never learn to keep out of trouble — I reckon."







BAH!

M.G.M. CARTOONS

Present

Barney Bear

with **fuzzy and wuzzy**

I'D LIKE TO GET RID OF THIS OL' NAG! HE'S A WHITE ELEPHANT!

I'M GONNA TRADE THAT HORSE OFF TO OL' LAZY BONES JONES NEXT DOOR!

MAYBE HE DOESN'T WANT A HORSE!

HE'S GONNA GET ONE— YOUR UNCLE BARNEY'S A SHARP TRADER!

JONESY, HAVE YOU GOT A WHITE ELEPHANT YOU'D LIKE TO TRADE?

I EXPECT SO!

WHITE ELEPHANT?

I'LL TRADE YOU WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN THAT TRUNK FOR SOMETHING I'VE GOT IN MY BARN!

GUESS I COULDN'T LOSE ON THAT!

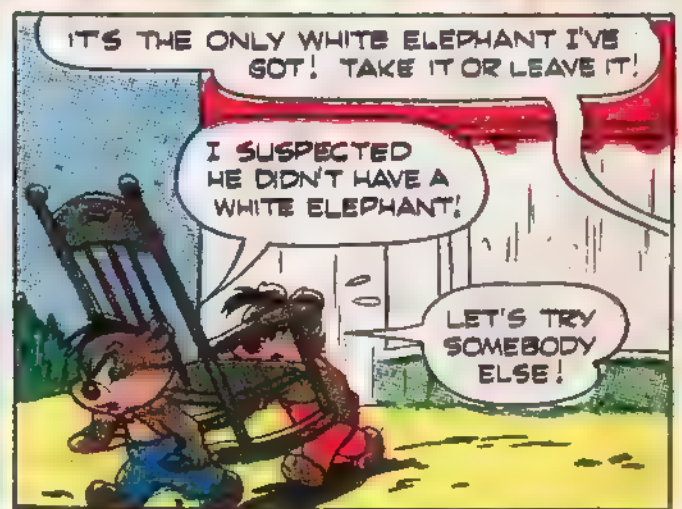
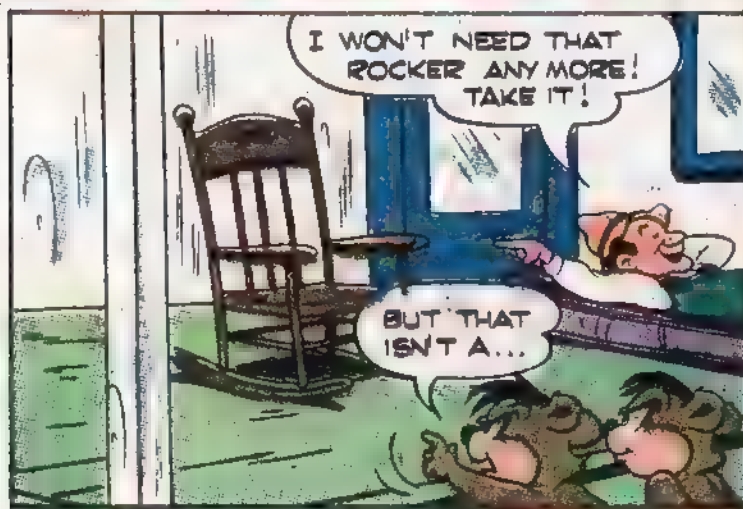
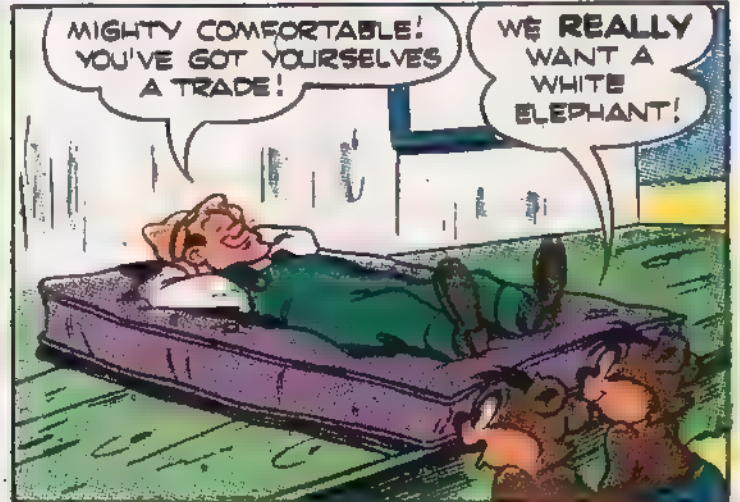
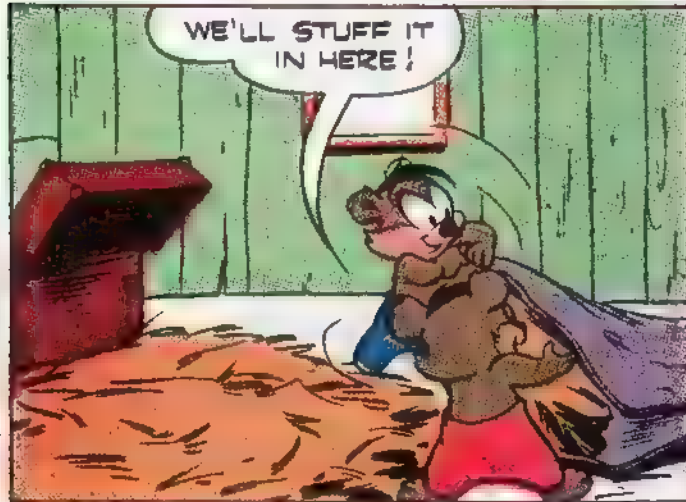
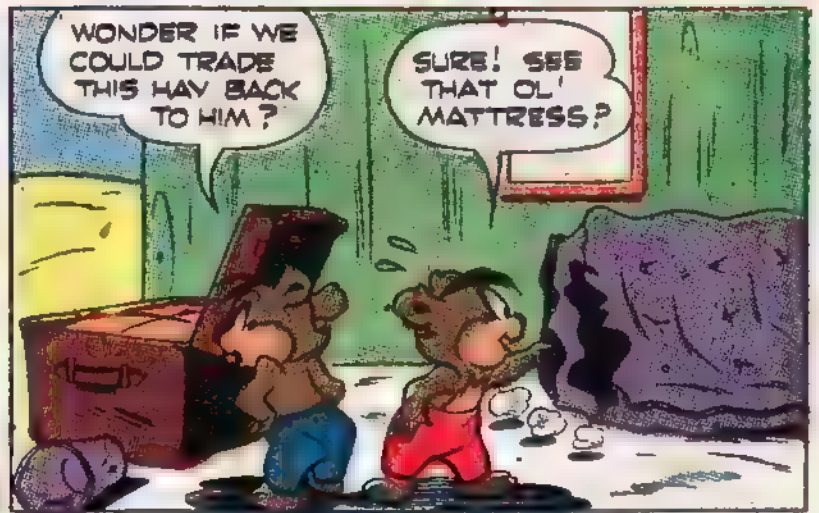
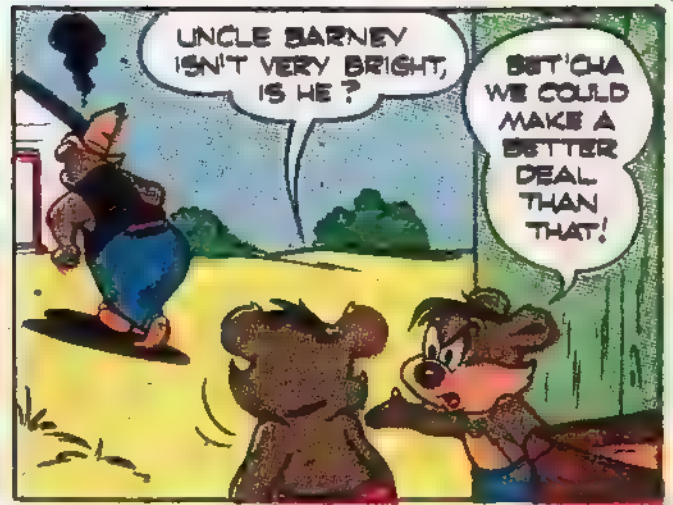
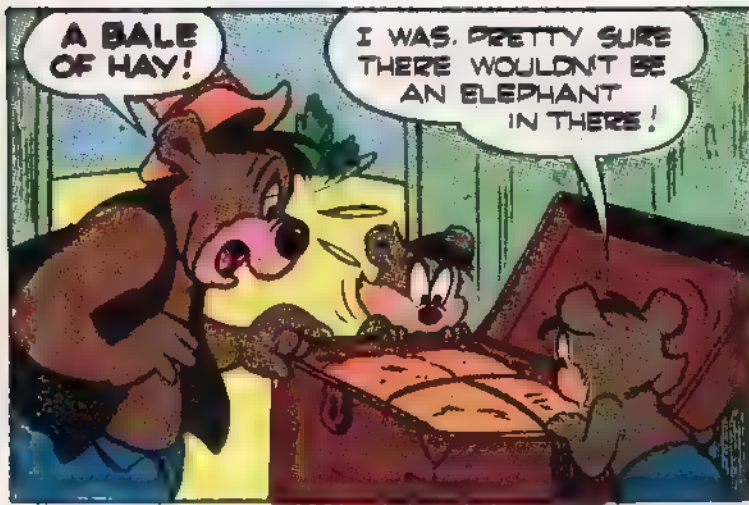
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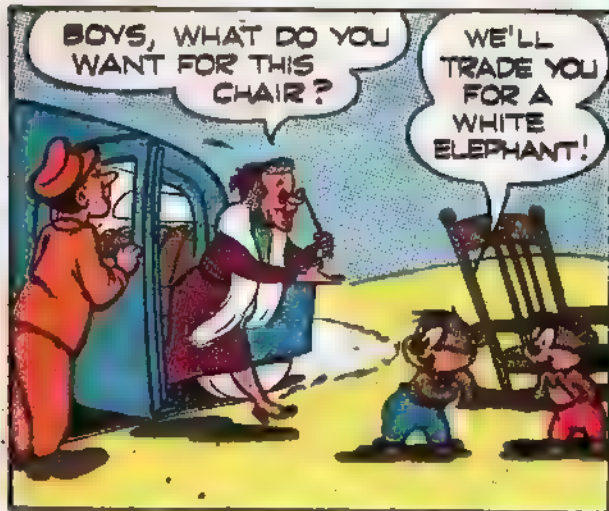
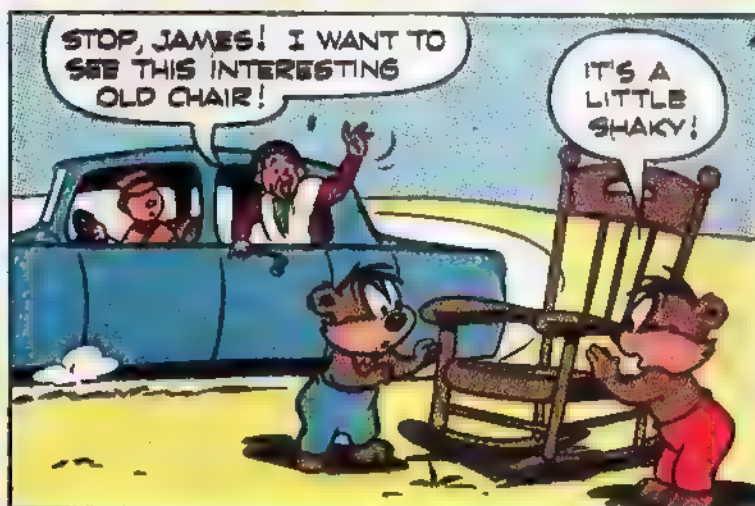
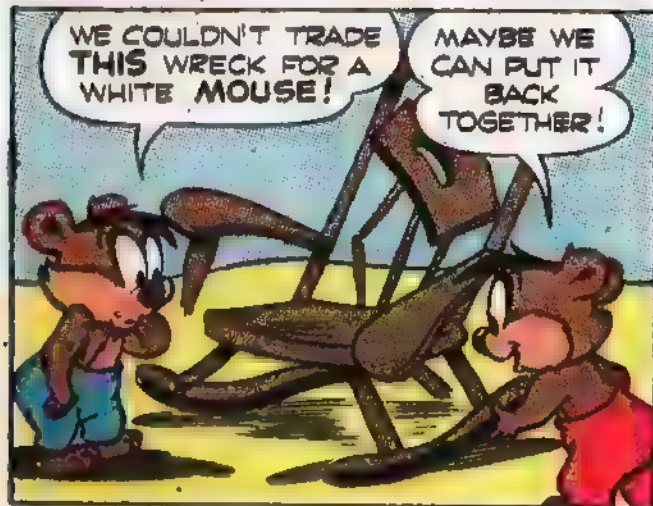
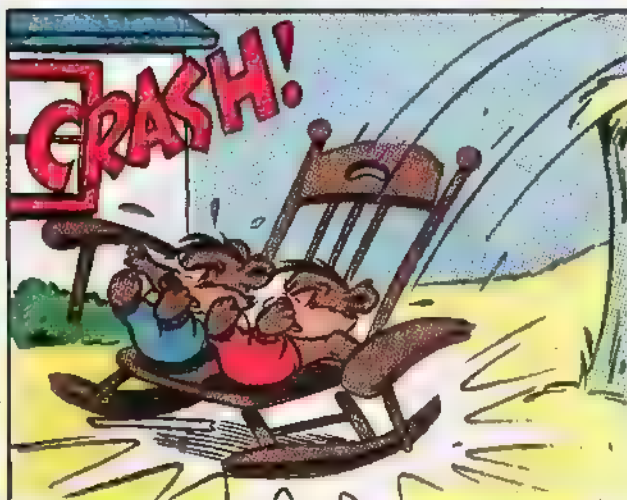
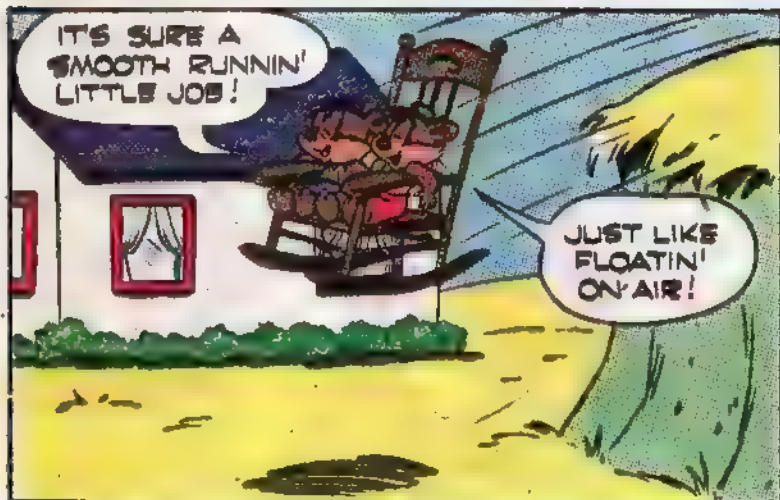
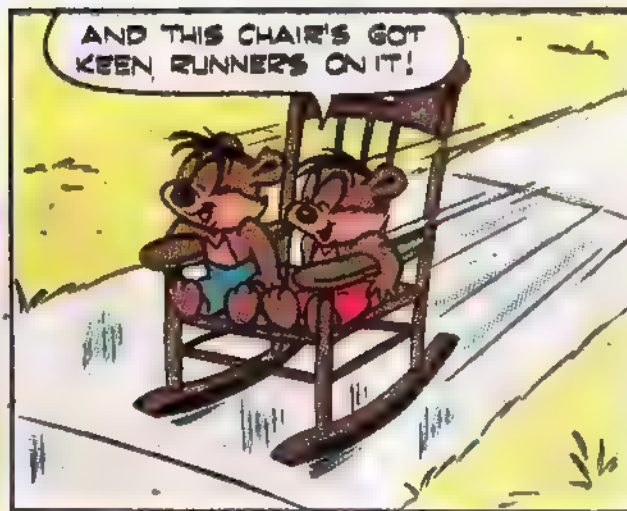
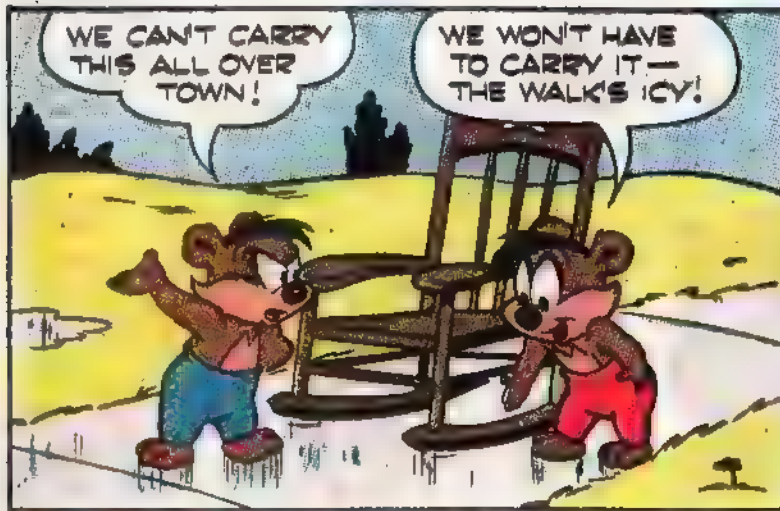
THIS TRUNK'S EMPTY! I'LL HAVE TO PUT SOMETHING IN IT!

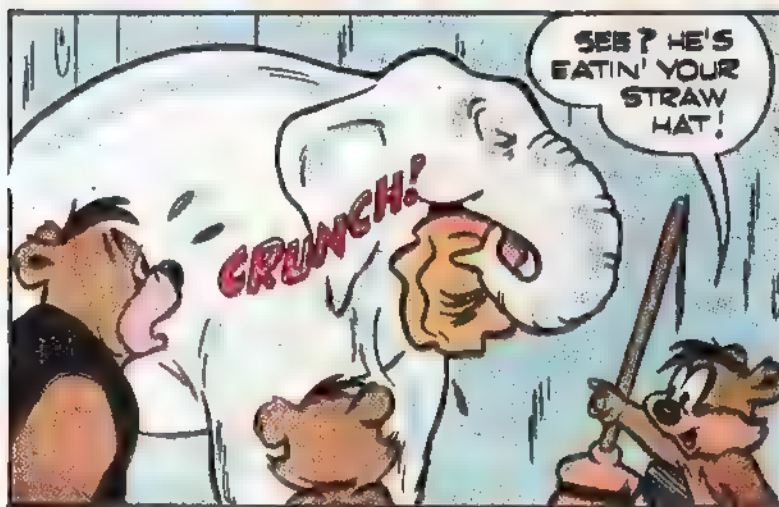
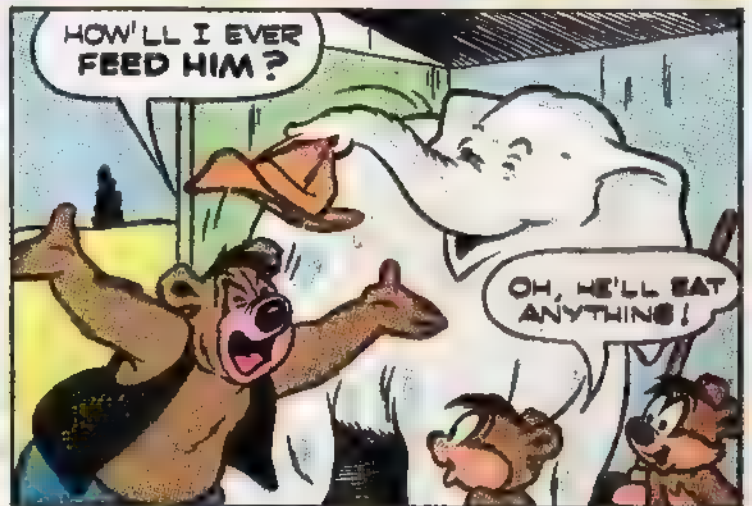
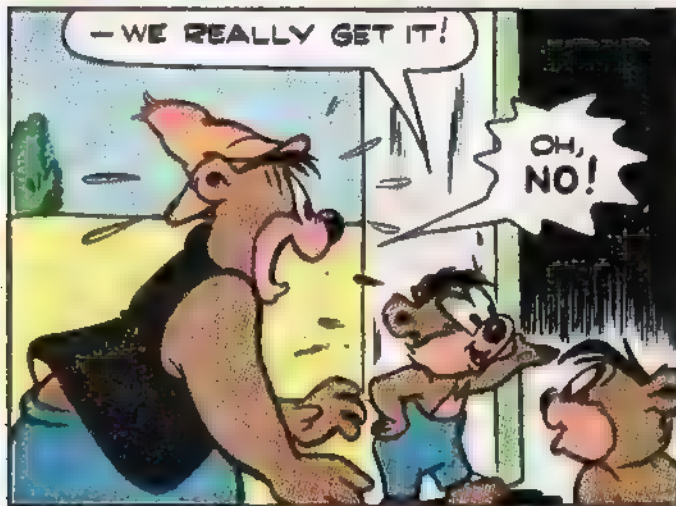
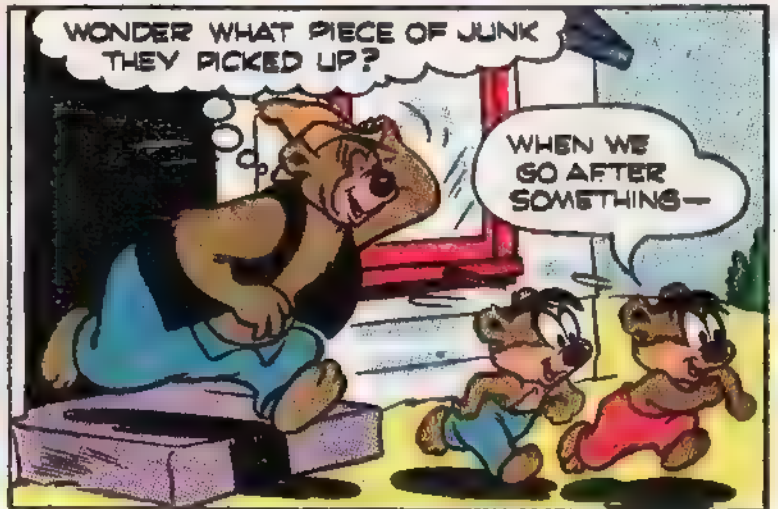
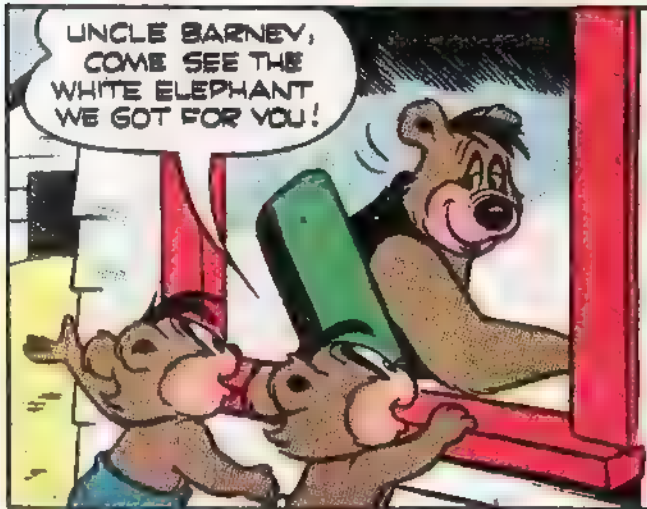
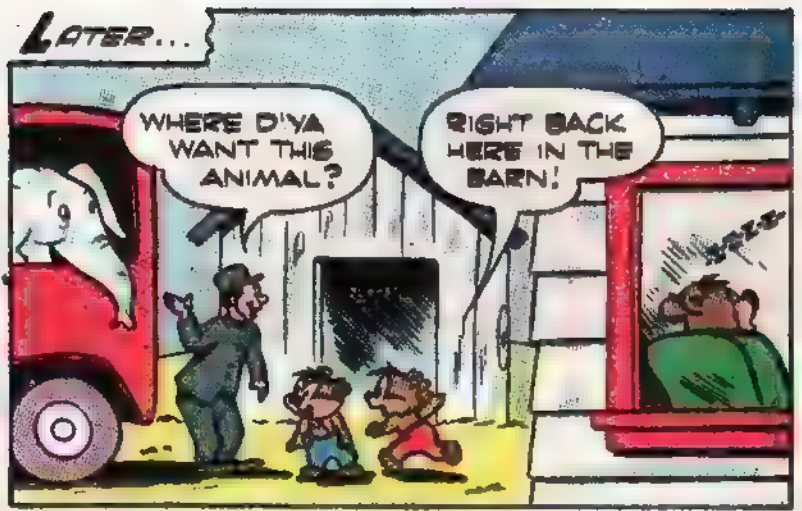
I DIDN'T KNOW MR. JONES HAD A WHITE ELEPHANT!

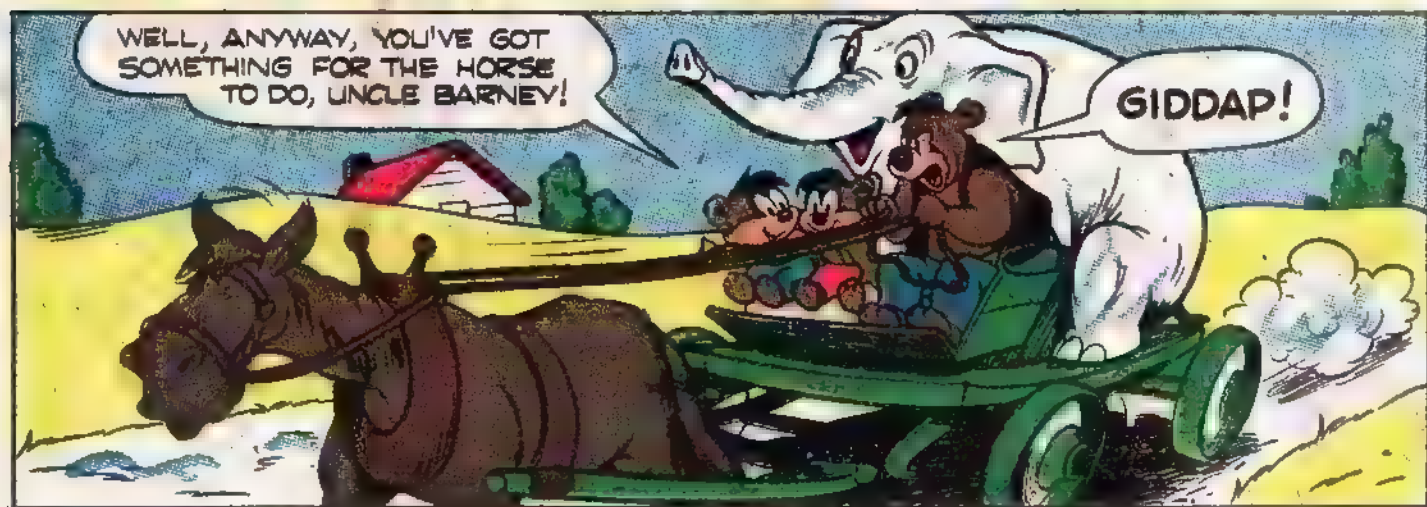
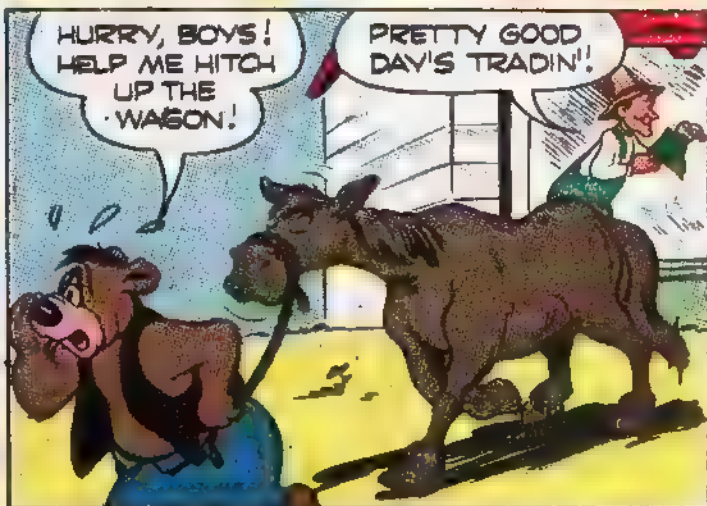
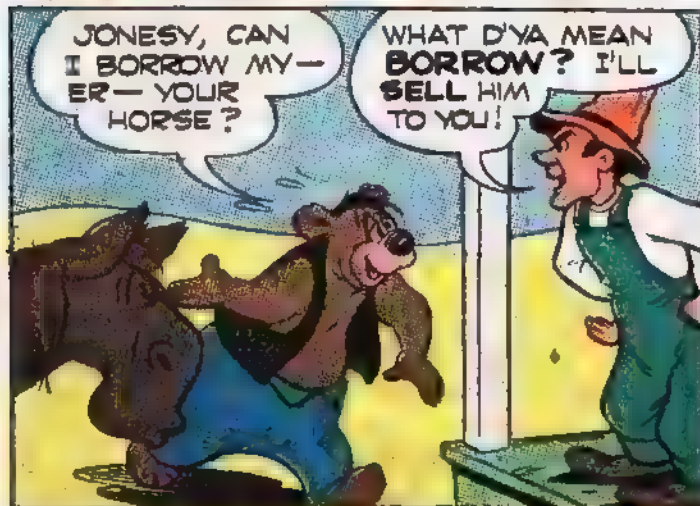
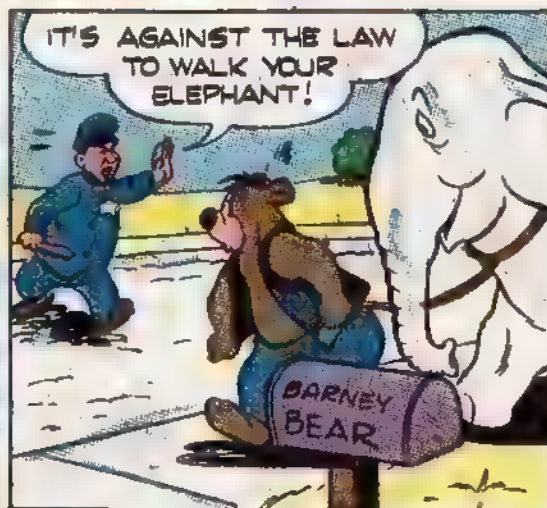
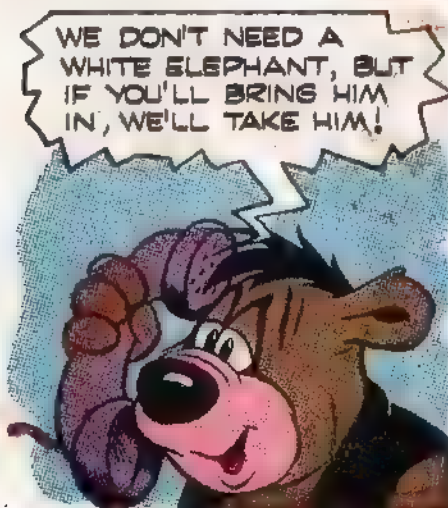
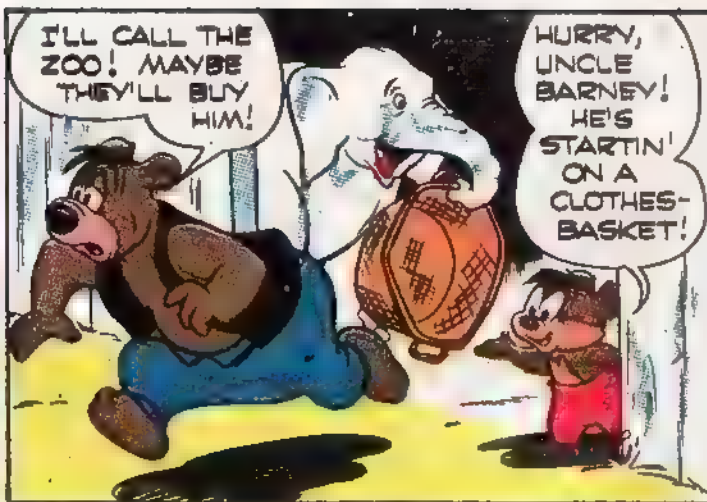
THERE'S PROBABLY PLENTY OF STUFF I CAN USE IN HERE!

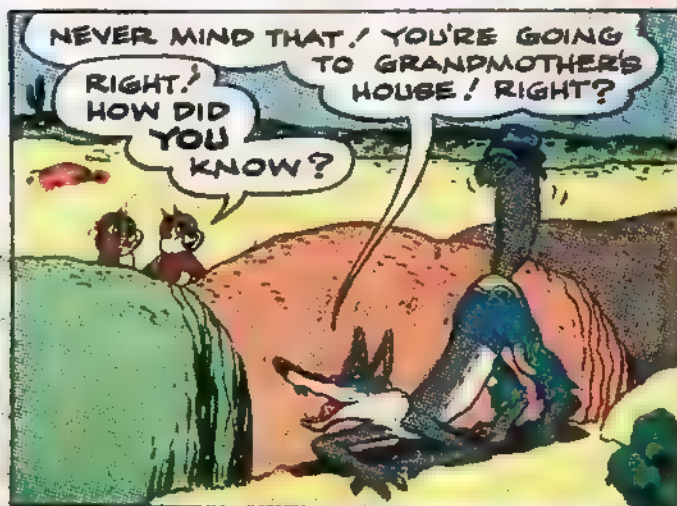
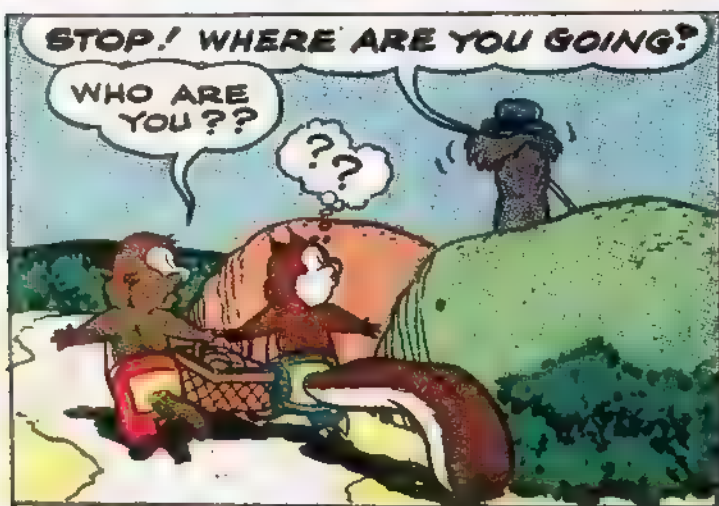
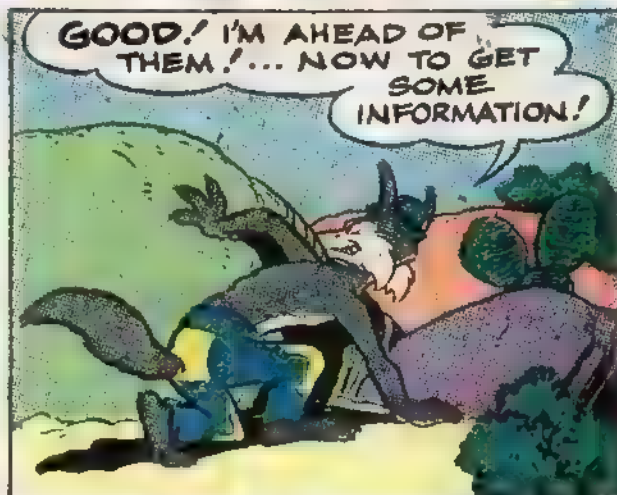
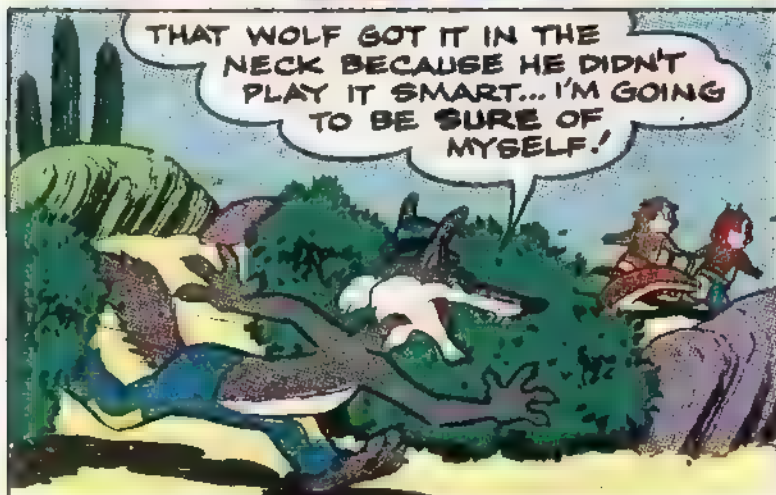
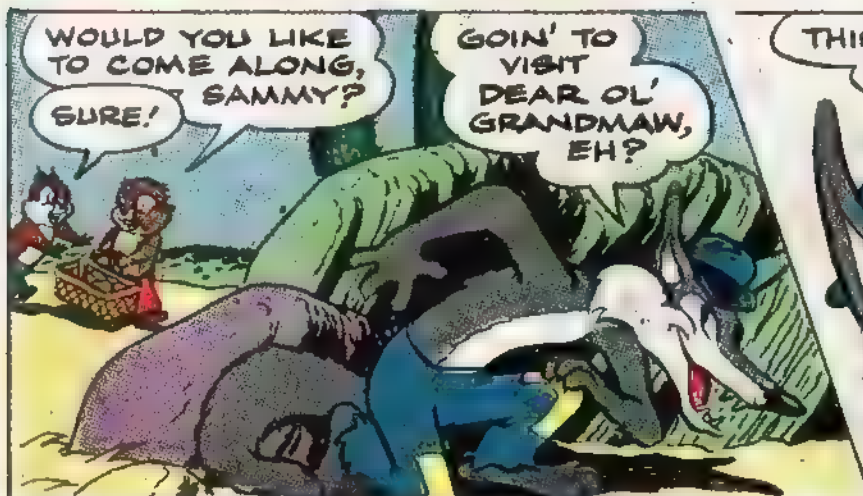
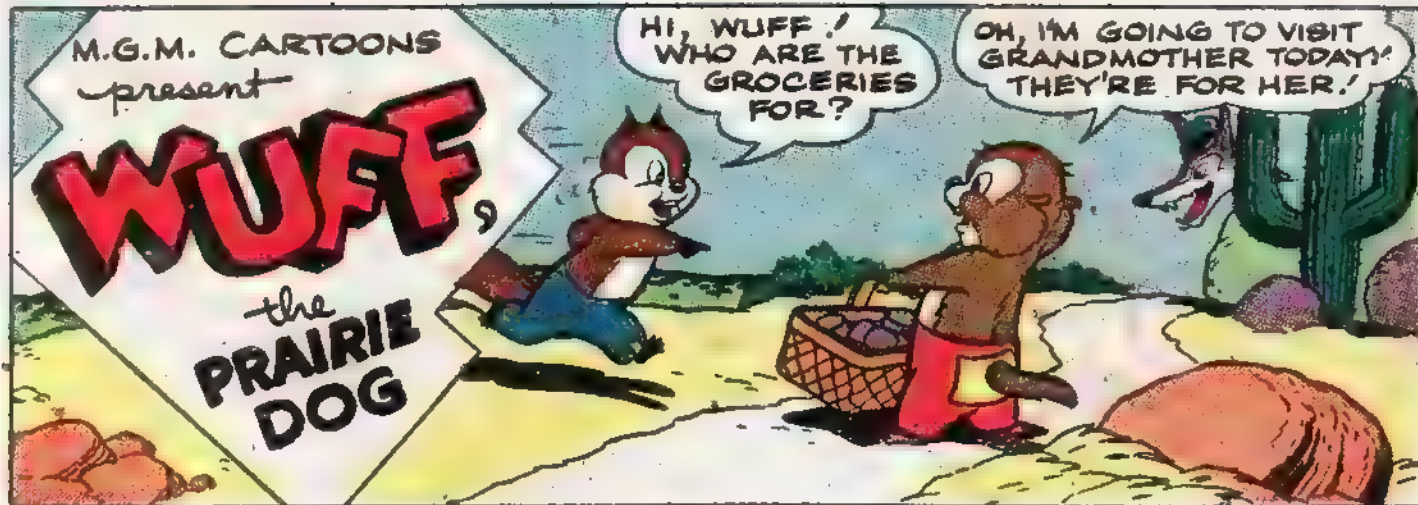
JUST WHAT I NEEDED! A HORSE TO KEEP THE GRASS CUT!

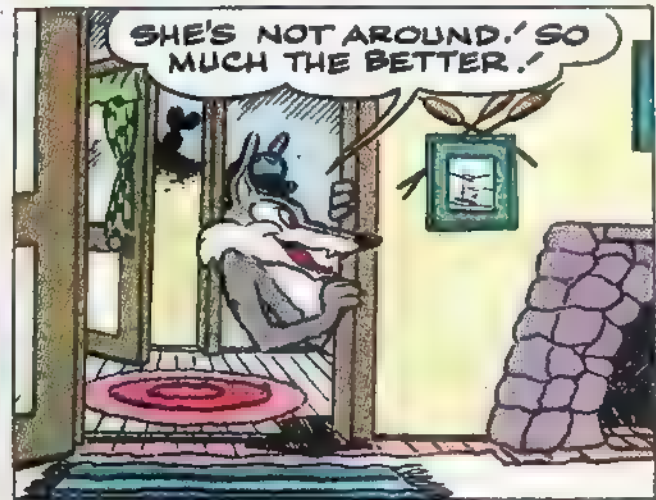
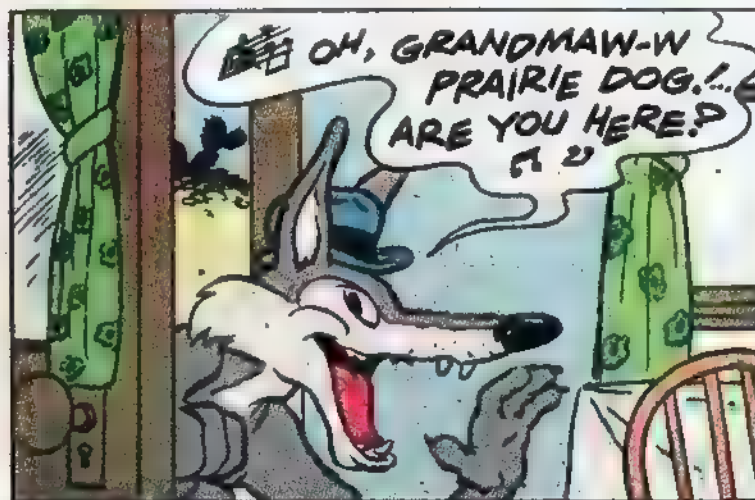
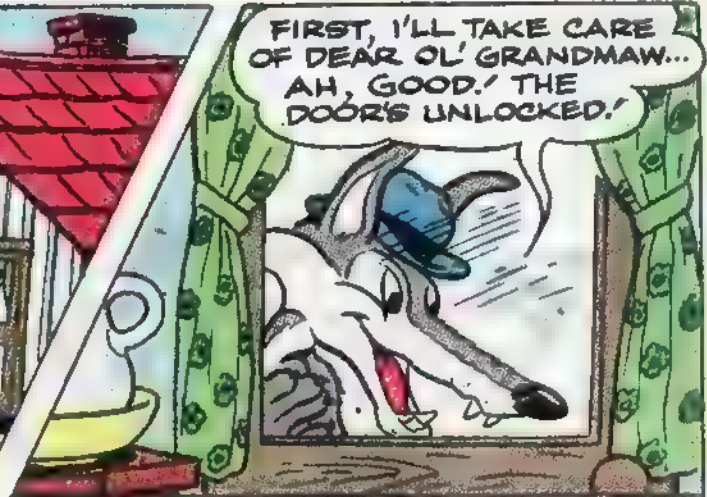
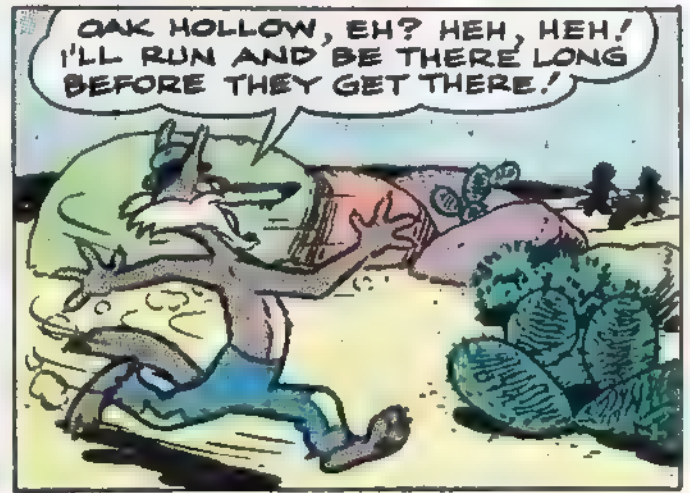
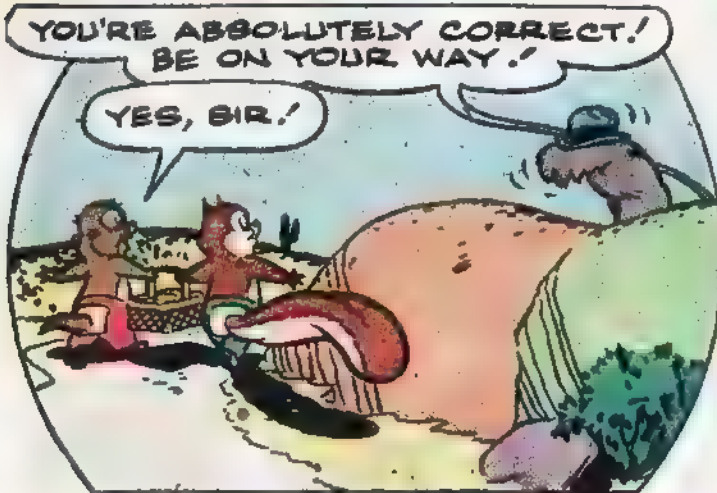


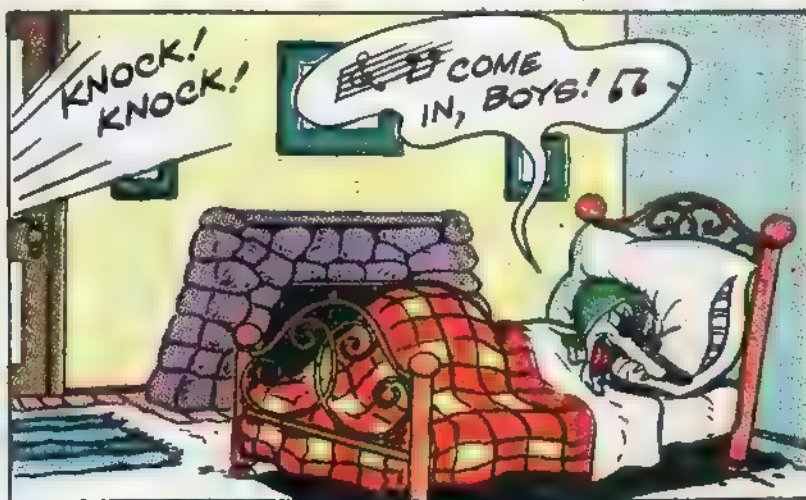
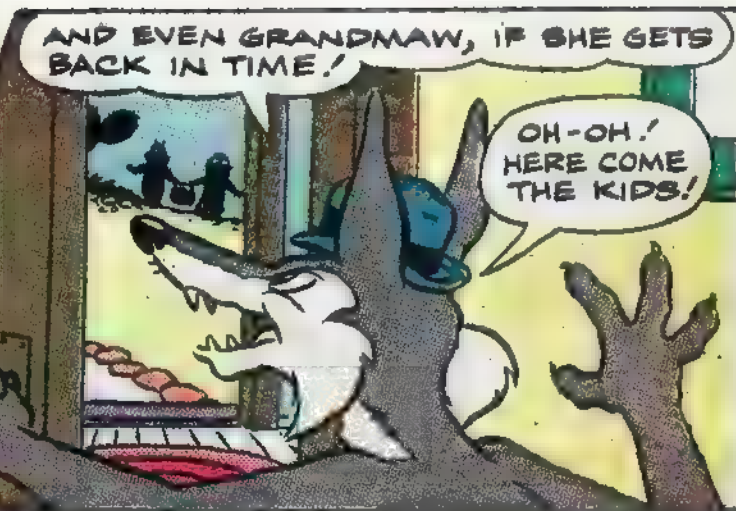
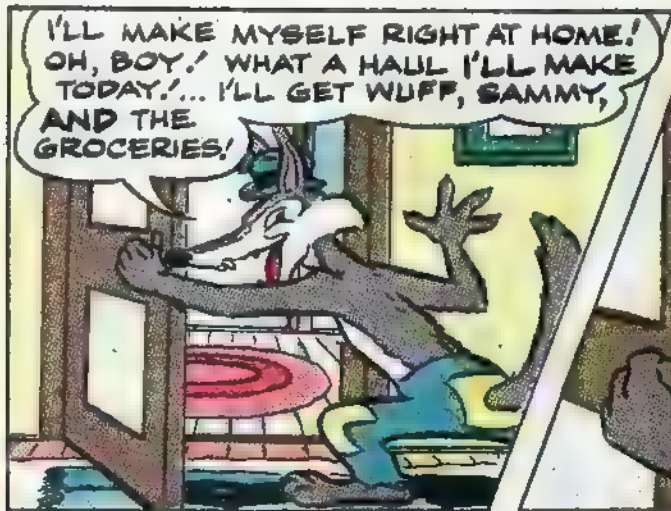


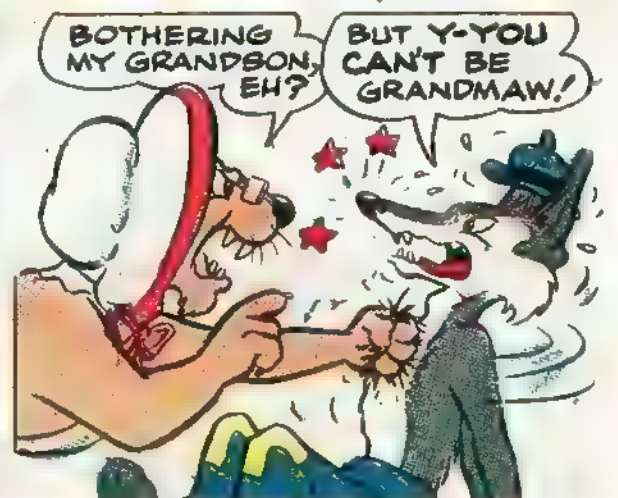
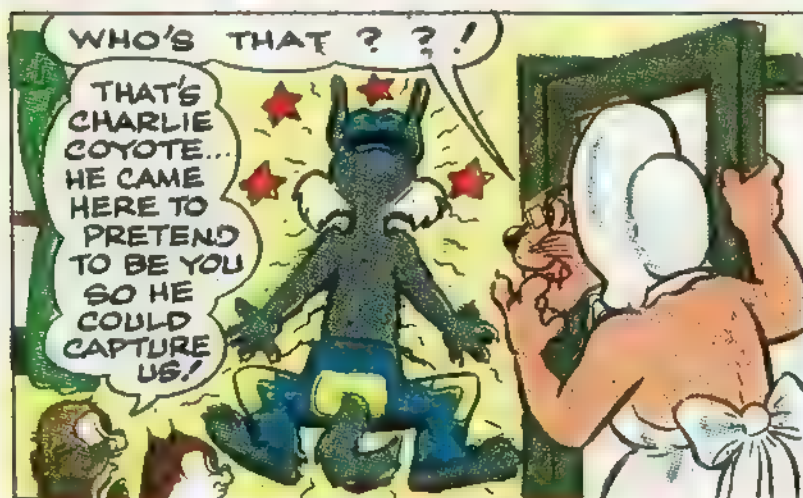
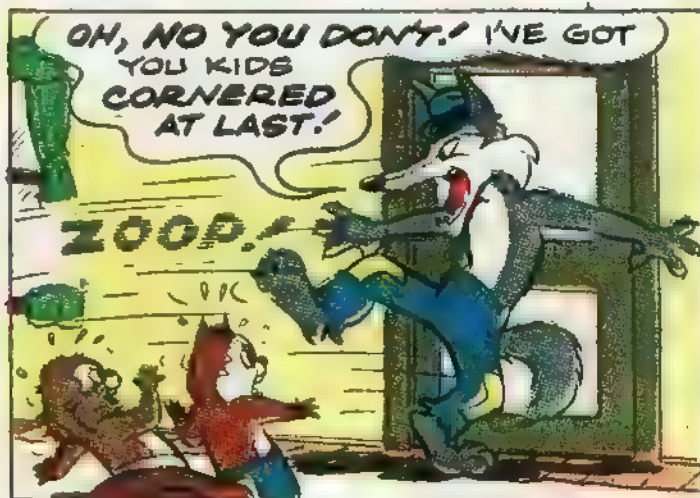
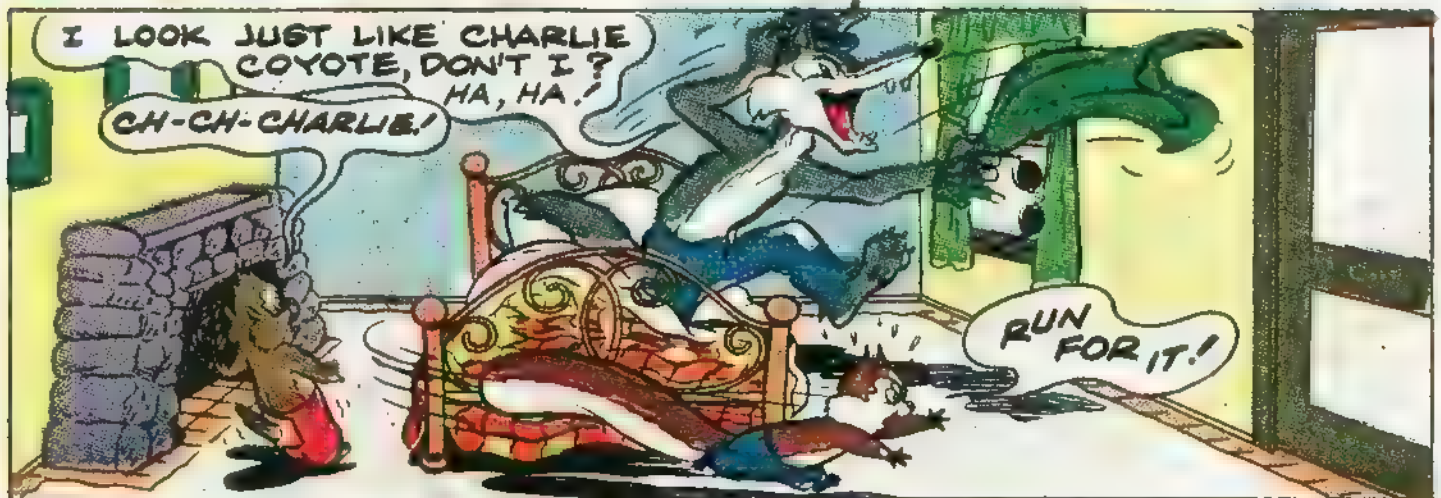
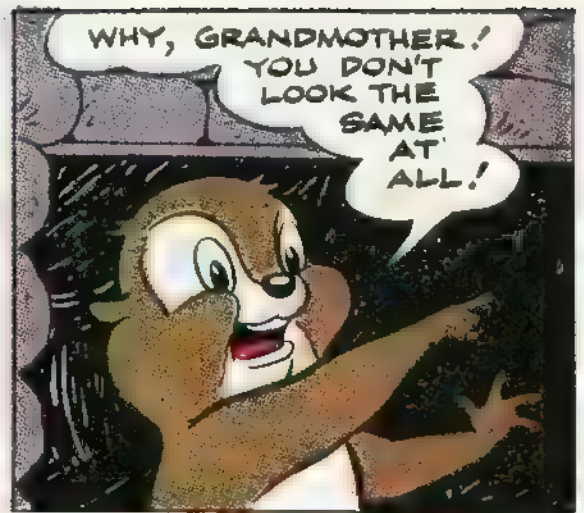
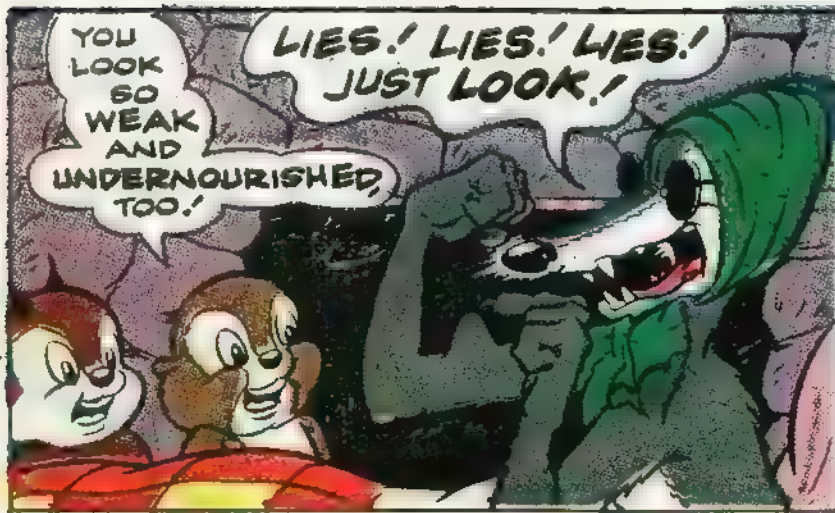


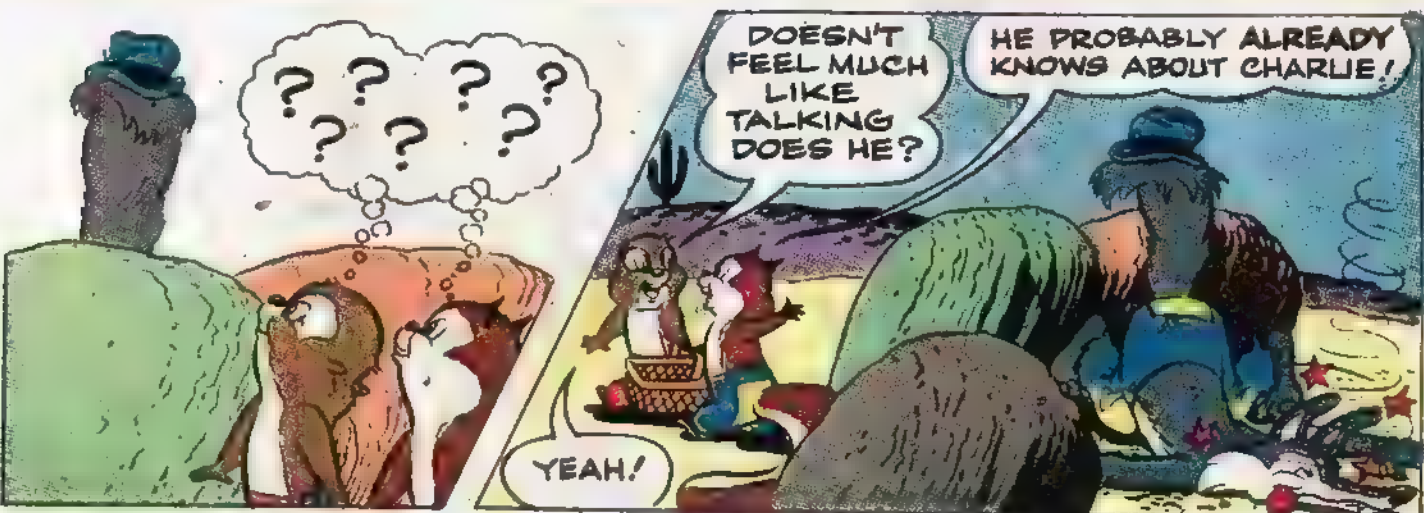
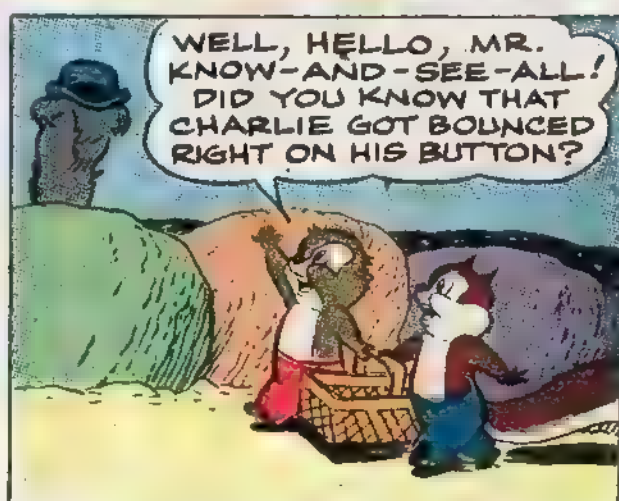
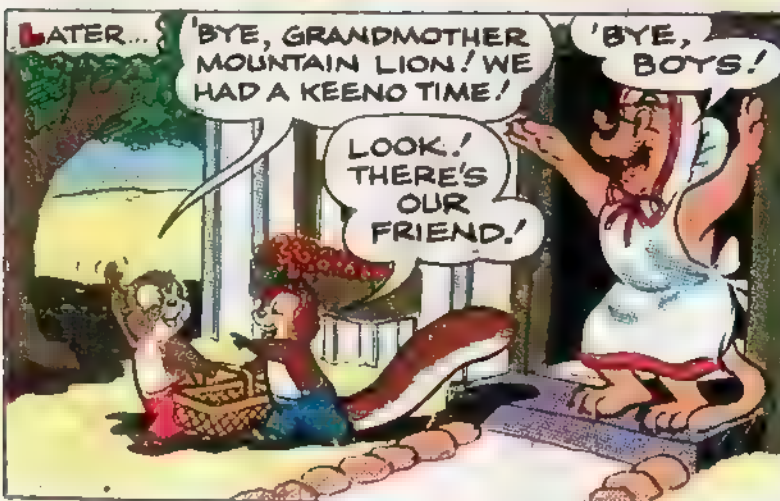
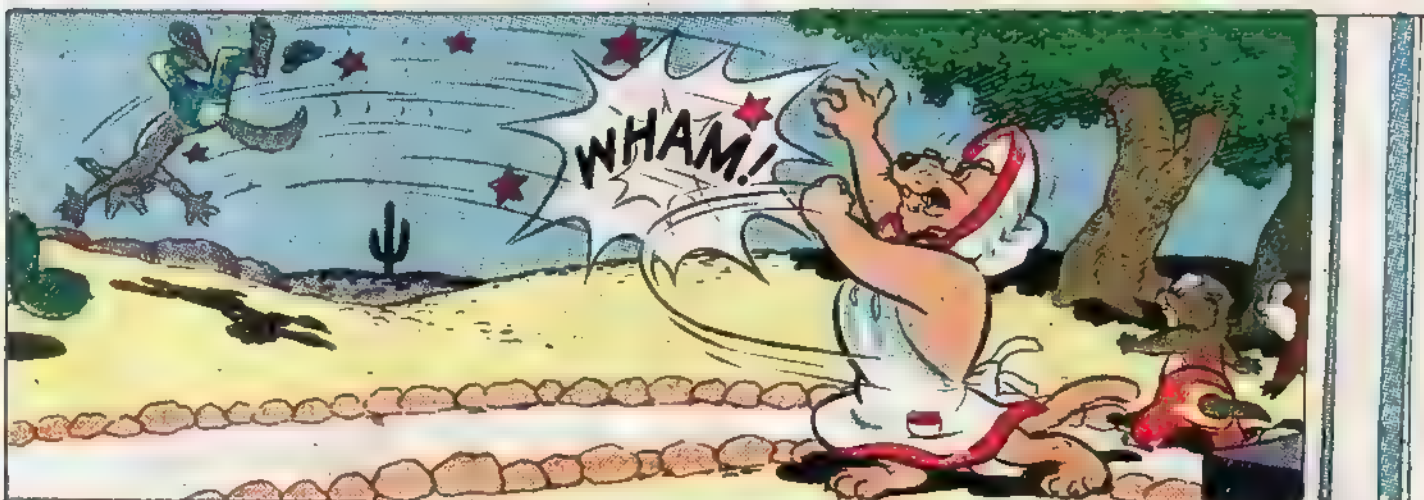
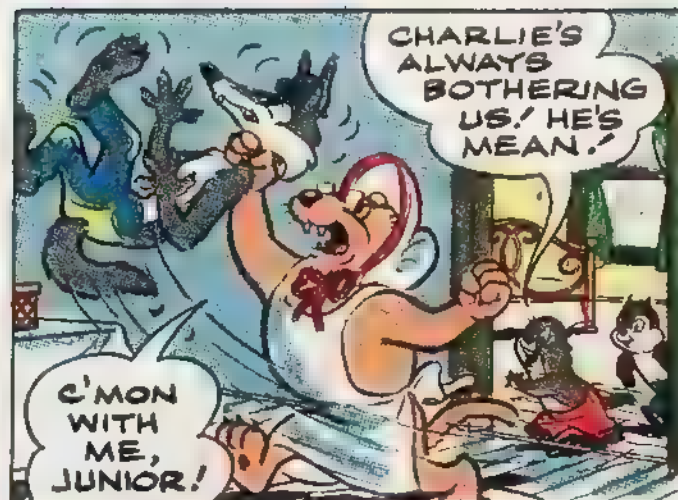
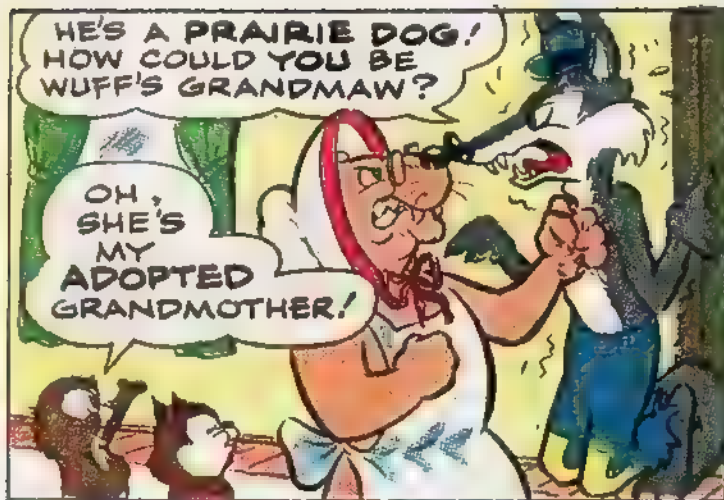


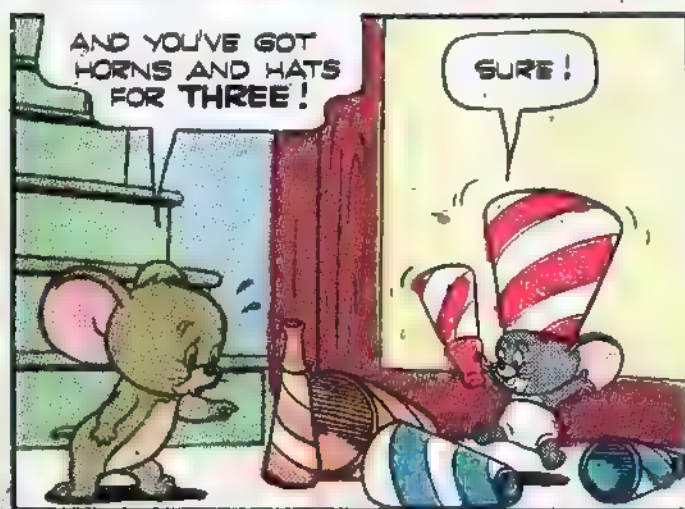
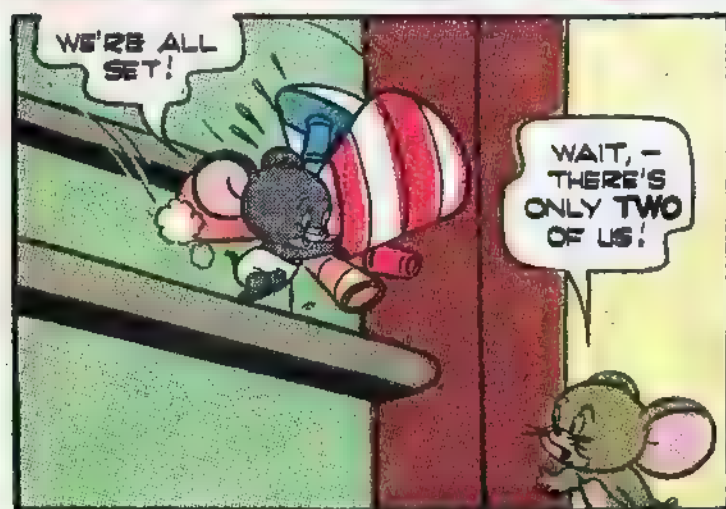
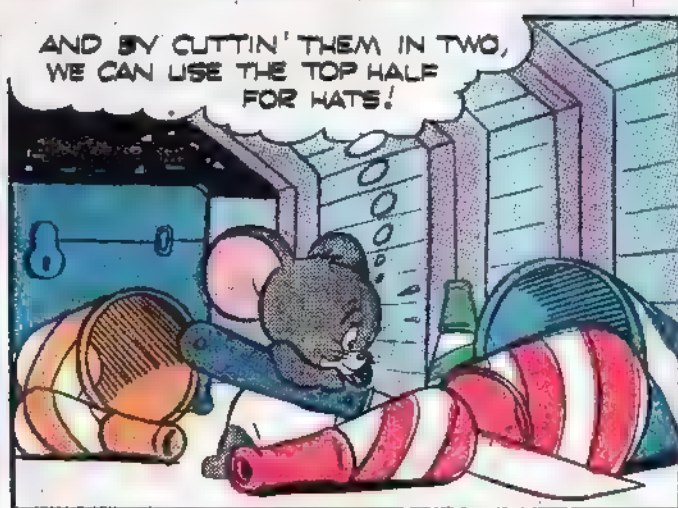
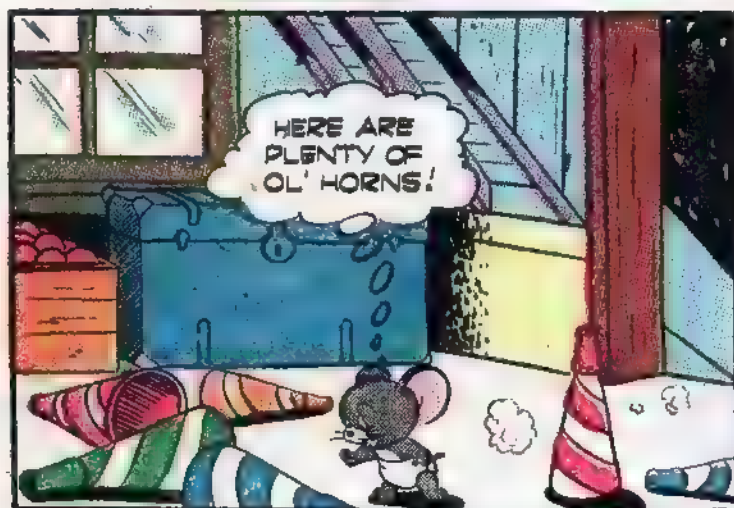
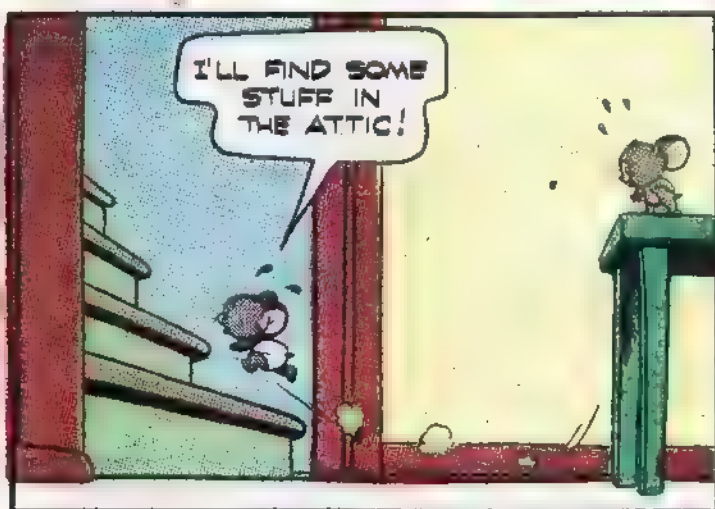
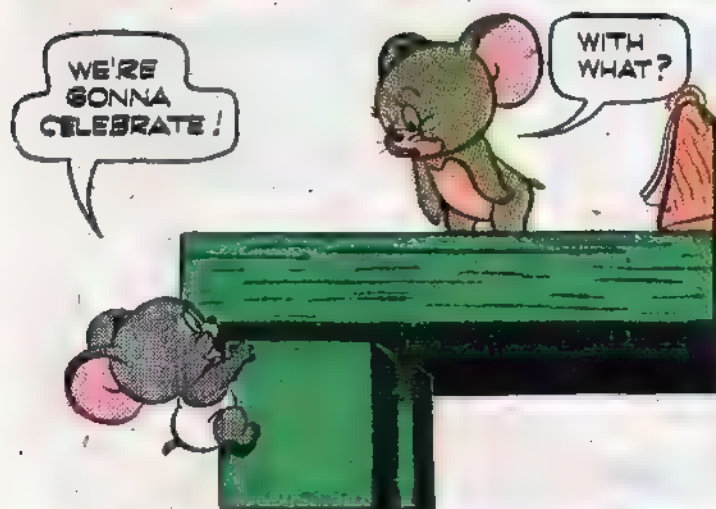
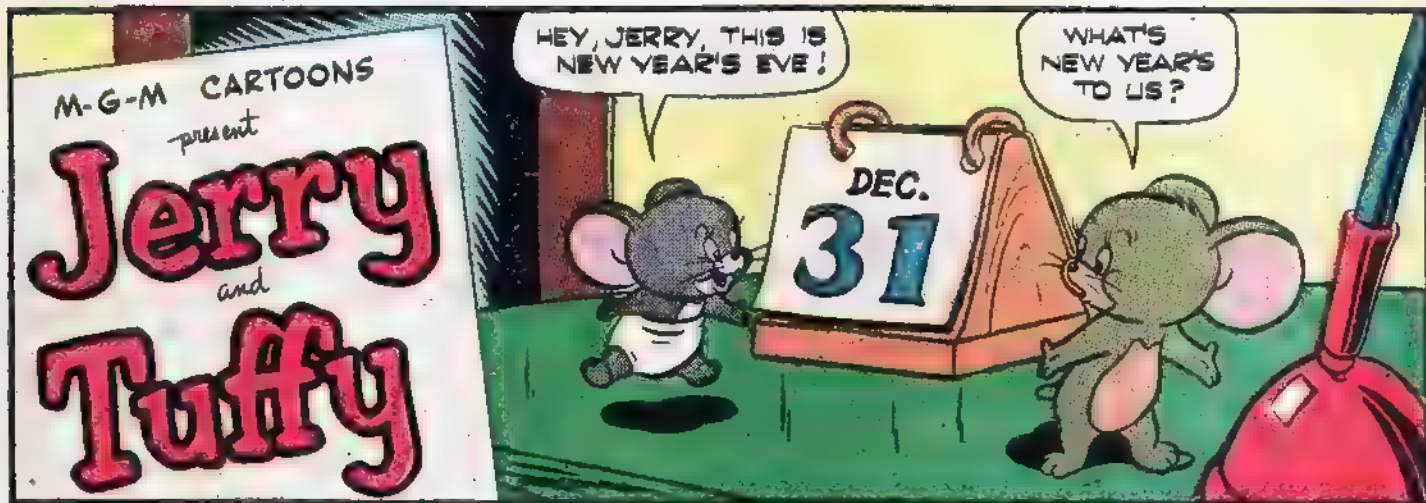


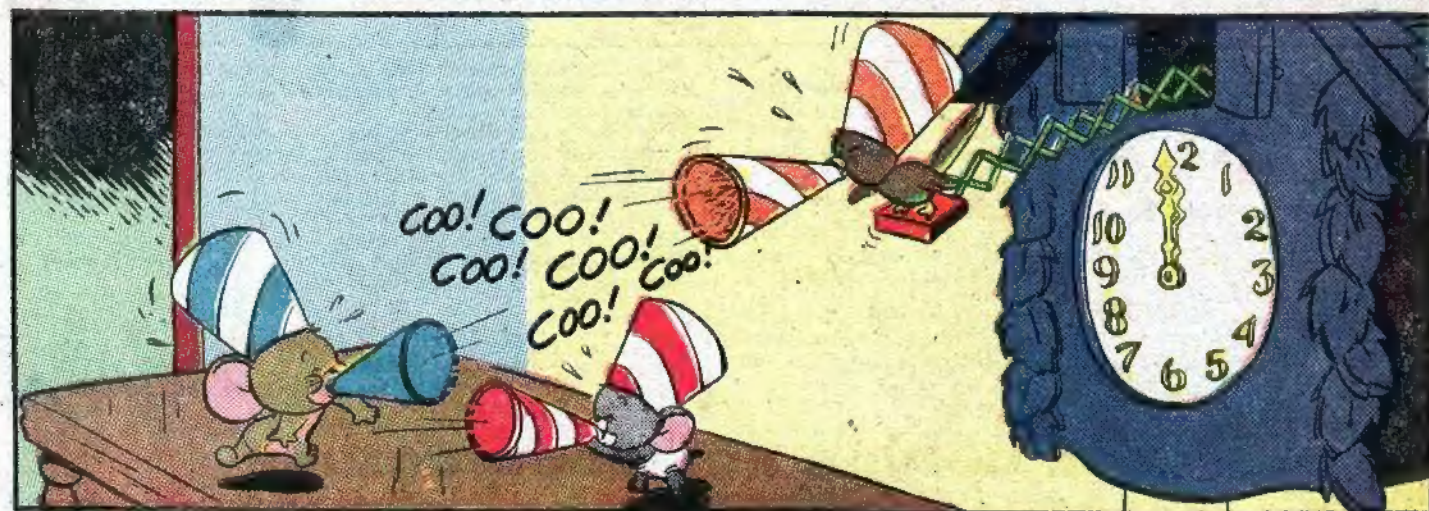




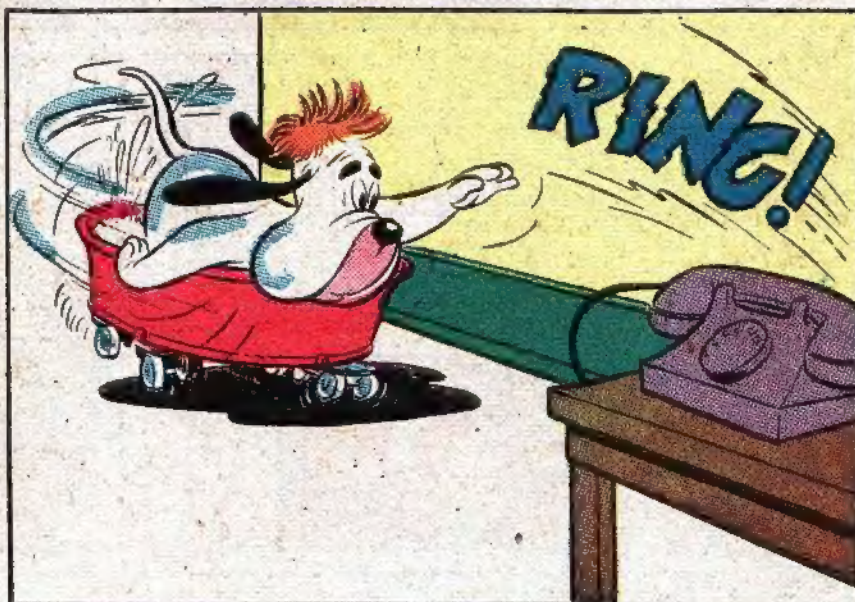
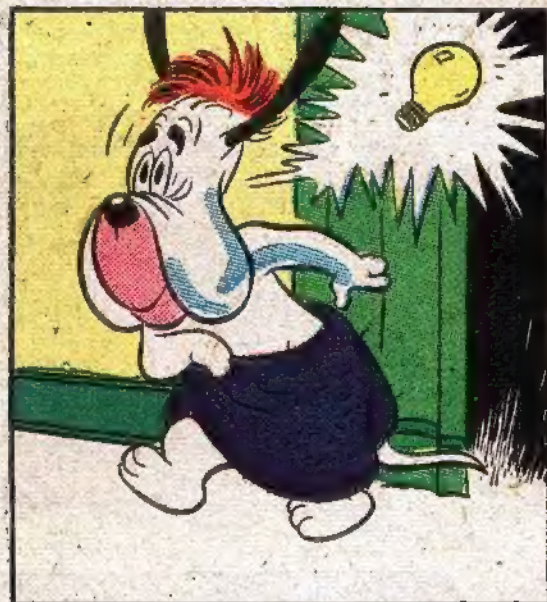
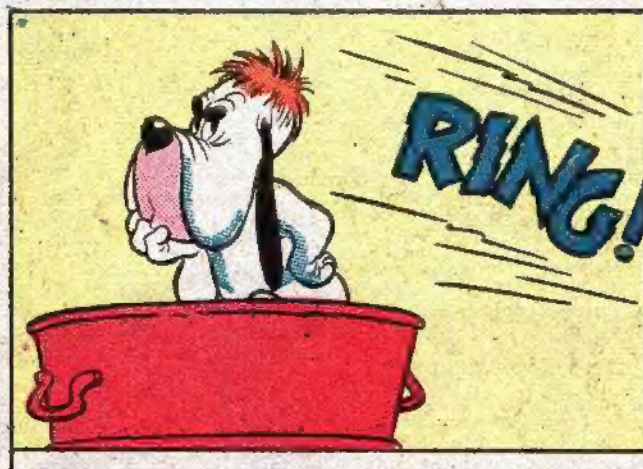
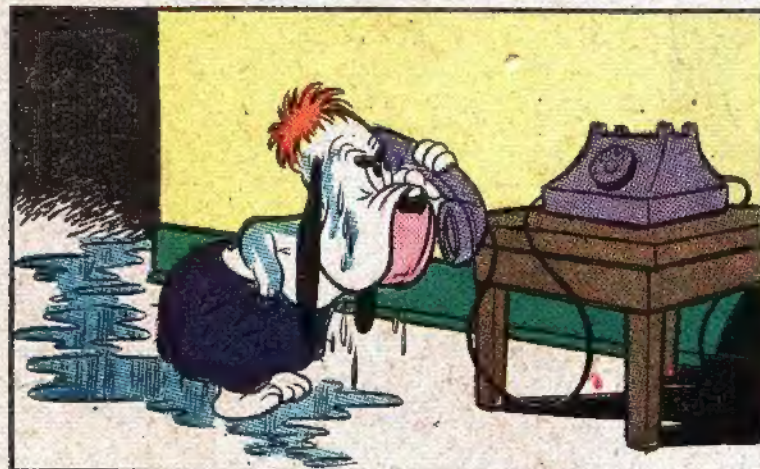
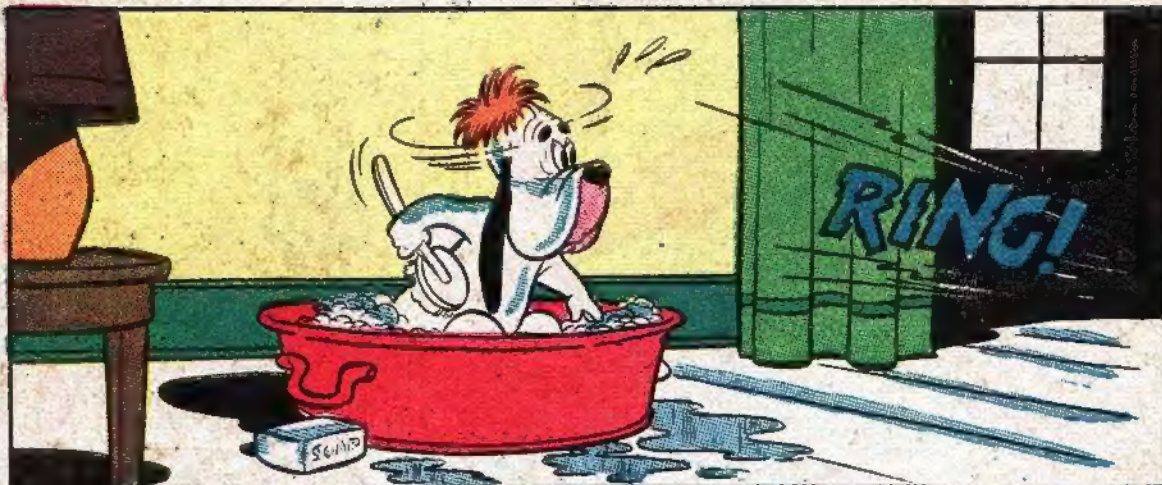








DRIPPY



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 253) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Tom and Jerry Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1954.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1954
JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal)

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1956)

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

Carbine
Type Front
Sight!

NEW DAISY

Lightning Loader
**RED RYDER
CARBINE**

ready for Christmas!



This LUCKY
ARROWHEAD
CHARM YOURS

FREE



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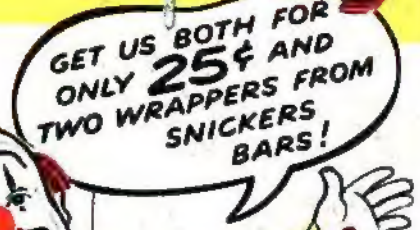
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